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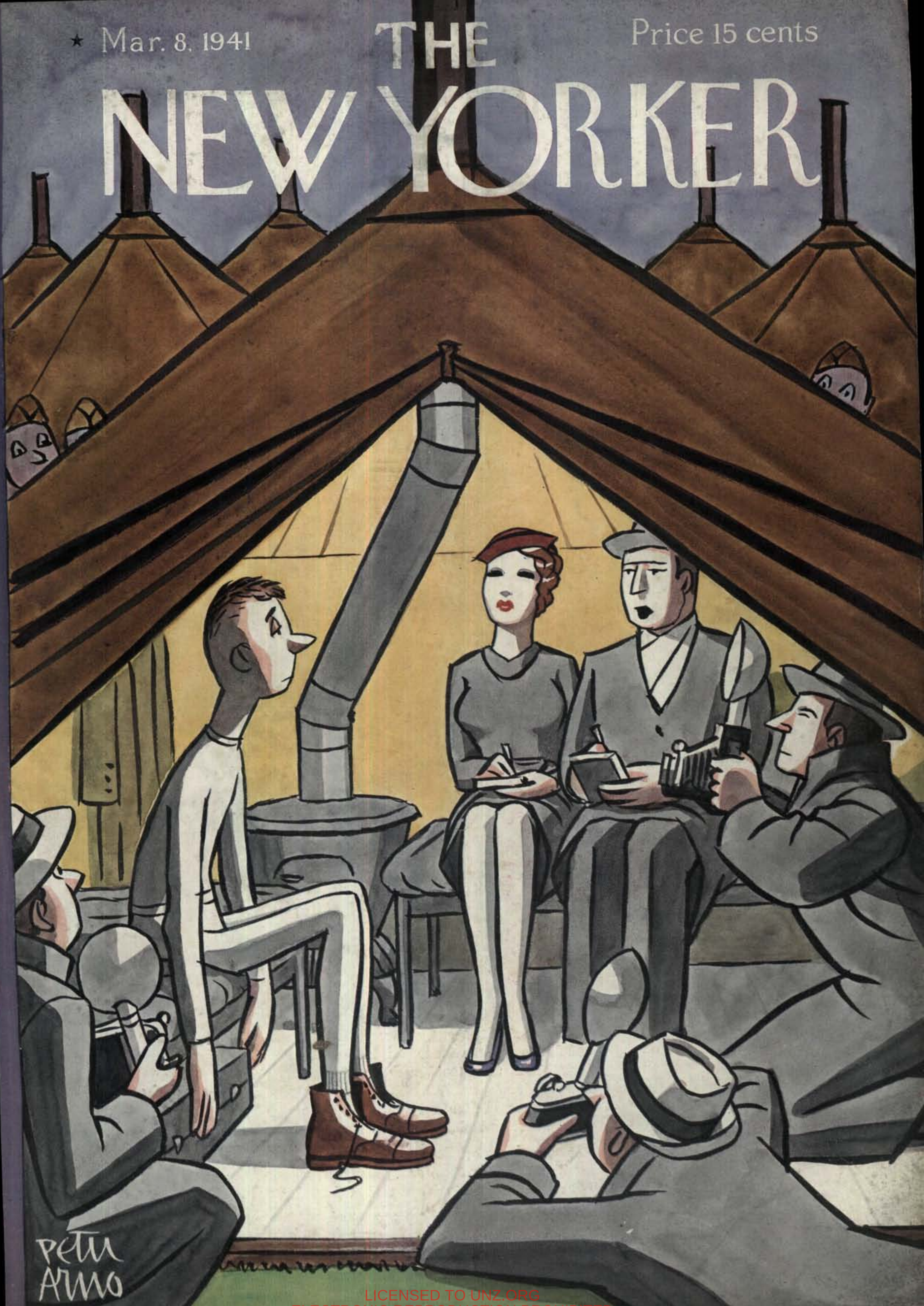
THE NEW YORKER



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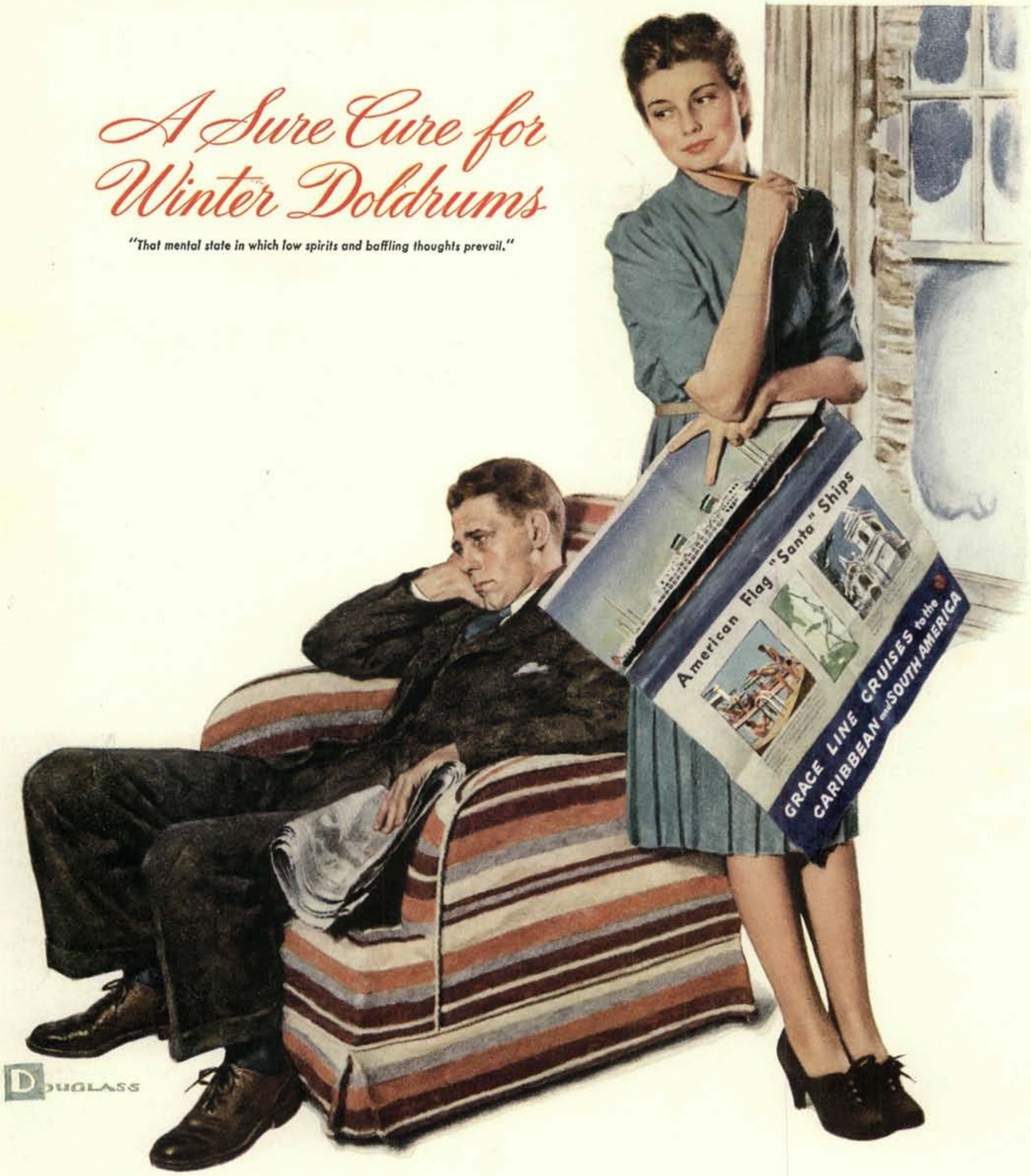
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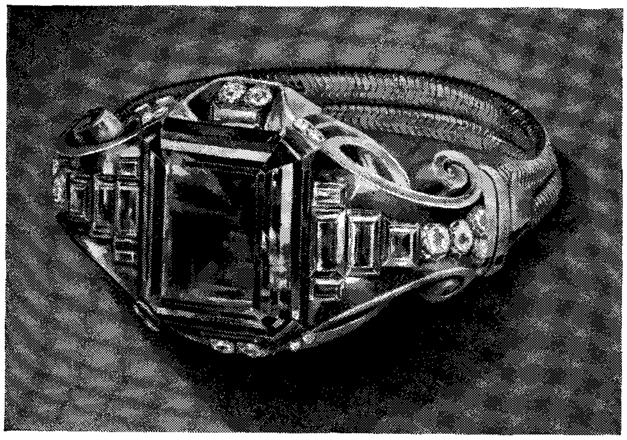

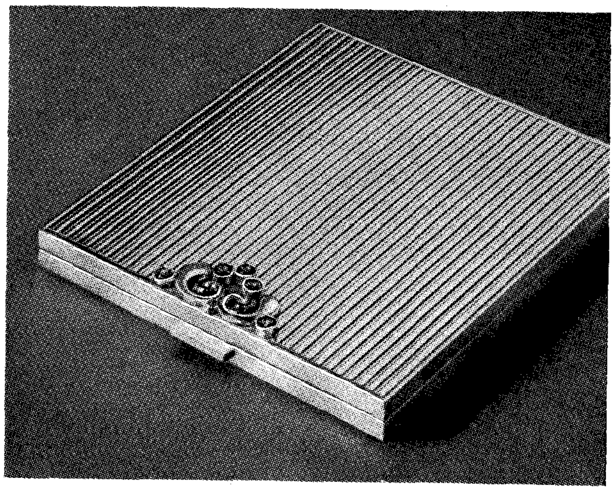

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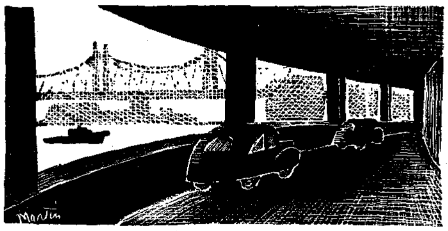
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 6,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in what is probably the best comedy you will see this season. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—This relic has been made into something you're almost certain to enjoy, mainly by Joshua Logan's expert direction and José Ferrer's excellent performance. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—It takes a tragedy in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but get a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant as the teacher who discovers a genius. The cast of Emlyn Williams' play also includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—The struggle against Fascism takes place in an airplane cabin over the Atlantic in Elmer Rice's new play, which sometimes sacrifices drama for polemic. Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe are among those who appear. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

George Washington Slept Here—Life in the country discussed by George Kaufman and Moss Hart in a way to make your blood run cold. Ernest Truex and Jean Dixon head a superlative cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are very fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A rather malicious and very witty comedy about an old New York *Times* dramatic critic, by his friends Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart. Monty Woolley is almost perfect in the principal rôle. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—It takes Mrs. North's active mind to figure out who killed the postman and the guest in the closet. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast in this excellent dramatization of a mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Morris Carnovsky, and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Old Acquaintance—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood in John van Druten's civilized play about love and dirty work among the lady authors. Kent Smith and Adele Longmire assist. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Out of the Frying Pan—A pleasant enough comedy about some boys and girls who are trying to get on the stage. With Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot in an old-fashioned bedroom roughhouse. Heartily endorsed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., if that's any help to you. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

The Talley Method—Another of S. N. Behrman's literate discussions of the state of the world, this time in terms of a surgeon who understands bodies a good deal better than souls. Handsomely produced by the Playwrights' Company and starring Philip Merivale and Ina Claire. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Twelfth Night—The Theatre Guild's first production of the season is worth seeing for a very touching performance by Helen Hayes and a very subtle one by Maurice Evans. They are supported by June Walker and Mark Smith, among others. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., March 8.)

WITH MUSIC

Boys and Girls Together—A revue that is nearly all Ed Wynn, which ought to be enough for anybody. He is helped along from time to time by Jane Pickens, Dave Apollon, the De Marcos, and two wonderful acrobats. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Cabin in the Sky—Ethel Waters in an all-colored musical fantasy which combines some of the qualities of "The Green Pastures" and "Liliom." Her strong and beautiful performance probably makes it seem better than it is. With Katherine Dunham, Todd Duncan, Dooley Wilson, and Rex Ingram. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., March 8.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now rounding out its third season, with the Messrs. Olsen and Johnson just as daft as ever. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Sonja Henie, who doesn't appear personally, has got together some of the greatest skaters in the world and turned them loose on one of the biggest stages. Joe Cook has been employed to supply a little comic relief, but not enough. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., March 8.)

Lady in the Dark—Moss Hart's combination of music and psychology is beautifully produced but might be fairly tiresome without Gertrude Lawrence. Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill are responsible for the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45. W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—A modest and pleasant revue from Hollywood that won't be one of your great experiences of the winter but won't do you any harm, either. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Pal Joey—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series successfully transplanted to the stage with the assistance of Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and George Abbott. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and some of his little playmates. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. An excellent musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher, Phyllis Brooks, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Five Alarm Waltz—A comedy by Lucille S. Prumbs, with Louise Platt and Elia Kazan. Opens Mon., March 10. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, and Bramwell Fletcher in a revival of the Shaw play. Staged by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. Opens Tues., March 11. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

They Walk Alone—A melodrama by Max Catto, with Elsa Lanchester and Carol Goodner. Opens Wed., March 12. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Children's Entertainment—A group of American Indians will dance and two short films about Indians will be shown on Sat Morn., March 8, at 11, at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. (For tickets, call EL 5-6800.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes will appear in "Peter Rabbit's Picnic" and "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" on Sat. Aft., March 8, at 3, at the McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. (UN 4-3200.) . . . The Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre will present "Alice in Wonderland" on Sun. Aft., March 9, at 3, at the Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. (For tickets, call AT 9-6771.)

BALLET

The Ballet Theatre—This group, now in its second season, is giving the following programs: "Capricioso," "Billy the Kid," and "Gala Performance," Thurs. Eve., March 6. . . . "Carnaval" and "Giselle," Fri. Eve., March 7. . . . "Giselle" and "Gala Performance," Sat. Aft., March 8. . . . "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Pas de Quatre," "Judgment of Paris," "Bluebird," and "Billy the Kid," Sat. Eve., March 8. Season closes Sun., March 9; final program to be announced. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Eves. at 8:40; Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra are in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things, which should give you a good idea. Gerry Morton's orchestra plays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A not too literal dream of the tropics, with white palms, gleaming coconuts, and all. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Every night for the every-nighters. Chauncey Grey's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—Ethel Waters and a chorus from "Cabin in the Sky" will be singing in this big and handsome place through Sat., March 8. Dwight Fiske will begin his first engagement there the following Mon. Ted Straeter's orchestra will stay on.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Favored by folk who interpret dinner dancing literally and like

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

1941

"STEP LOVELY!" cried Alice (talking to herself, as usual) as she whisked through an intriguing, mahogany-framed looking glass. She knew the words weren't right; and yet they *were*. For the foyer in Sloane's 1941 House of Years was the *loveliest* invitation she had ever seen.

So on, on, on glided Alice over carpets soft as clouds—through a library glowing with comfortable charm, past a complete miniature bar—and still on, admiring the livableness of beautiful room after beautiful room. (You see, there just seemed to be no end to the *frabjous* decorating ideas.) "If the Madhatter were here," mused Alice, "he'd call it much of a muchness of *sensible* originality!"

At last she came out onto a broad terrace that was at once so inviting and so colorful she wanted to talk to somebody about it. "Spirited yet simple," said Alice politely to a decorator standing there. (She was very proud of remembering how to use those descriptive words.)

The decorator smiled and bowed, and Alice found herself ascending a wide, plastic-walled stairway to the second floor. And then she stopped stock-still. Through a bedroom door, gleamed a bath that looked, for all the world, like the American flag in four dimensions. Alice beamed with delight. "What a capital way to be 'patriotic!" she murmured.

Back in the gracious entrance, little Alice paused. "I do hope this perfect house isn't just another dream," she thought. "And somehow, I know it's not. Everything is so *very* practical, it's quite *possible*—for anybody!"

• • •

(And Alice was so *very* right. Visit Sloane's House of Years, and you'll see for yourself.)

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HOUSE OF YEARS

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WASHINGTON · SAN FRANCISCO
BEVERLY HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to take their time about it. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra plays lots of waltzes for patrons of the Tapestry Room until 10 P.M. or so (until midnight, Thurs.).

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The show in the perennial Persian Room includes Mary Raye and Naldi, Dick Gasparre's orchestra, and Chiquito's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find Ben Cutler's orchestra and a show. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.... Barry Winton's orchestra is now in its second year in the informal Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—There's a brief but charming ice show, with Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin, in the Iridium Room, where Hal Saunders' orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde will replace John Buckmaster in the Café Lounge on Fri., March 14. Bob Grant's orchestra will remain.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's orchestra, as usual.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones, with John Boles, Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra, and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leighton Noble's orchestra is playing in the informal Empire Room, where Adelaide Moffett sings and Paul Gerrits skates around and tells stories.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): with Hope Emerson, Casper Reardon, and some others.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Betty Bryant sings nostalgic songs and Spivy herself supplies the more robust numbers.... **ALGONQUIN,** 59 W. 44 (MU 2-0100): likely to be crowded, and justifiably so.... **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence sings every night, except Mon., and is well worth a hearing.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the log fire are pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a large, gay place, with Danny Kaye and, naturally, a rumba band. Closed Mon.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Harold Nagel's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by two orchestras, no less.... **MONTPARNASSE,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): not as far off the beaten track as you might think, and worth the journey anyway. The Tisdale Trio is on hand and there's also an orchestra.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such capable Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra.... **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra.... **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): only a step from Carnegie Hall, and a good place to drop into after a concert.... **BILTMORE,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Horace Heidt's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. Fill-in band Mon.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... **ST. MORITZ,** 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with antics by Billy de Wolfe and music by Art Barker's orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with the Revuers (except Mon.) and Zutty Singleton's Trio (except Tues.).... **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): the present Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge, will end its long run on Sat., March 8, when the place will close for a week or ten days. ... **GAY WHITE WAY,** B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's big and glittering establishment has Joan Edwards, Ann Pennington, Shep Fields' orchestra, and a rumba band.... **BEACHCOMBER,** B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with a show which includes Carmen Amaya, the gypsy dancer.... **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): still more tropics, with Vincent Lopez's orchestra, Peggy Fears, and a show.... **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band.... **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Pat Harrington and Frankie Hyers are also active.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Joe Turner, Meade Lux Lewis, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon.... **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Bobby Burnett's orchestra will be replaced on Sun., March 9, by Pee Wee Russell and a Dixieland band.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and **QUEEN MARY,** 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313).... Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT,** 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816).... Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO,** 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

AMERICAN FOLK ART—A small and extremely selective exhibition of early-nineteenth-century paintings and carvings: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 22.

AMERICANS—Milton Avery, John Kane, Léon Hartl, and Louis Eilshemius in a varied but well-integrated collection: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 8.

BERMAN—Recent paintings, some of considerable power, by one of the leaders of the Neo-Romantic school: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 15.

CHILD—Some excellent, authoritative bird studies in a welter of Western subjects: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., March 12.

COOK—Pleasantly patterned water colors of the Southwest: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 15.

ENGLISH—Hogarth, Whistler, and many others in a big show of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and prints; also, water colors by Sargent and Hercules Brabazon: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 5.

ETNIER, LAUFMAN, AND SPEIGHT—The first two show, respectively, crisp, sunny sea scenes and deftly romanticized landscapes; Speight's landscapes, less expert but more resourceful, are the best: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 15.

FRENCH—Dufy, Signac, Derain, and others in a collection of landscapes done between 1900 and 1940: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 15.

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GOYA—About fifty etchings, including some from the "Disasters of War" series: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 29.

GROPPER—New oils and lithographs by this unfailingly productive and vigorous painter: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through March 29.

LÉGER—Twenty-one water colors and twelve drawings, all recent: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 15.

MARIL—Country scenes, mostly, with a good deal of sharp observation behind their apparently simple design: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 17.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—French painting from David to Toulouse-Lautrec in a big loan exhibit that includes a number of oils from foreign sources. Not so good as it might be, but still an important showing. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 26.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of American Indian art that offers some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—New canvases by Charles G. Shaw. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sun., March 9.

O'KEEFFE—New paintings, including a number of Southwestern scenes and really ornate flower studies: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 21.

PICASSO—Some rare and highly absorbing collages in a group that lays special stress on his earliest and most recent paintings: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 8.

ROSE—Nicely textured oils, mainly of fishing scenes: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., March 13.

SCULPTURE—European pieces of the twentieth century in a well-selected show that ranges from Rodin to Brancusi: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 8.

SPEICHER—Large, partially retrospective showing—his first exhibition in seven years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 29.

SURREALISTS—Everyone from Magritte, Tanguy, Ernst, and Di Chirico to a number of lesser-known artists in an unusually ample collection (through Sat., March 8); also, selected paintings and sculptures by WPA artists (through Sun., March 16): New School, 66 W. 12. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

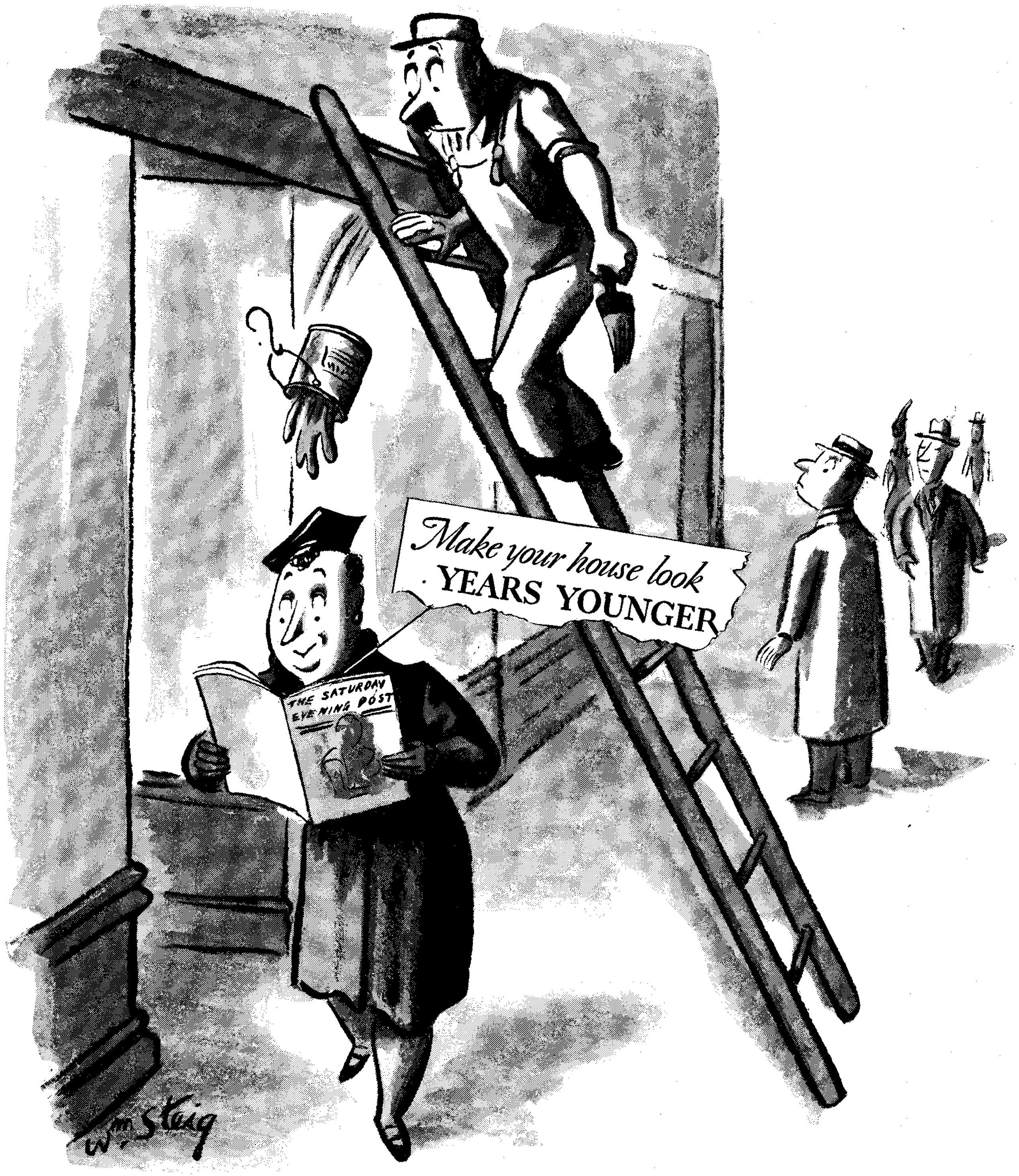
HERE AND THERE—At the **UPTOWN,** 249 West End Ave., at 72: water colors by Shomer Zunser. Weekdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., March 13.... **WILLARD,** 32 E. 57: oils and gouaches by Ralph Rosenborg. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 8.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: gouaches by Allen Saalburg. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 8.... **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: sculptures by William Ehrich. Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; other weekdays 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; through Wed., March 12.... **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: water colors by Thomas S. Haile and oils by Arthur Ewart. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 8.... **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: paintings by Mario Carreño. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 5.... **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: sculptures by John Rood. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 15.... **BONESTELL,** 106 E. 57: oils by Ben-Zion. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 15.... **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: paintings by Joan Miró. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 29.... **DURAND-RUEL,** 12 E. 57: paintings by Menkes. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 15.... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS',** 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings by Manuel Tolegian. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 17.... **WALKER,** 108 E. 57: water colors by Czebotar. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 22.... **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings and pastels by Doris Rosenthal. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 22.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are listed below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., March 6, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 7, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 8, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., March 9, at 3; Wed. Eve., March 12, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 14, at 2:30.


Make your house look
YEARS YOUNGER
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Wm. Steig

Mrs. Honeydew I. Shad is in for a slight but startling hmmmm! But there is nothing startling about her complete absorption in the advertising pages of the Post. By their own admission, as revealed by surveys, more people pay more attention to advertising in The Saturday Evening Post than in any other magazine.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

People pay attention when you put it in the Post

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 15.

(Soloists: Webster, March 8-9; Rubinstein, March *12 and 14.*)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., March 11, at 8:45. (Soloist: Traubel.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., March 13, at 8:45, and Sat. Aft., March 15, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, Fri. Eve., March 14, at 8:30. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

WILLIAMS COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Barrow conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., March 8, at 8.

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Stiedry conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., March 9, at 5:30. (Soloist: Milstein.)

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Weissmann conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., March 9, at 8:45. (Soloist: Schuster.)

OTTO CESANA CONCERT—Mr. Cesana *has assembled* an orchestra and some soloists, including Mildred Bailey and Teddy Wilson, to present some of his *own compositions*—both sweet and swing: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., March 13, at 8:30.

DON COSSACK CHORUS—Jaroff conducting: Carnegie Hall, *Fri.* Eve., March 14, at 8:40.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Josef Hofmann, Sat. Aft., March 8, at 3; Jan Peerce, Mon. Eve., March 10, at 8:40.

TOWN HALL—Anne Wiggins Brown and the Southernaires, Sun. Aft., March 9, at 5:30; American Ballad Singers, Sun. Eve., March 9, at 8:30; Lotte Lehmann, Wed. Eve., March 12, at 8:30.

WAR RELIEF BENEFITS—At **HUNTER COLLEGE:** Lotte Lehmann, *Emanuel Feuermann, Moriz Rosenthal,* and Armand Tokatyan, among others, Thurs. Eve., March 6, at 8:30. (Park at 69. For tickets, call MU 3-4590.) . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER:** Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, Sun. Aft., March 9, at 5. (44 W. 56. CI 6-6527.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Götterdämmerung," Thurs. Eve., March 6; "Don Giovanni," Fri. Aft., March 7, and Thurs. Eve., March 13; "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., March 7; "Alceste," Sat. Aft., March 8; "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., March 8; "The Bartered Bride," Mon. Eve., March 10; "Il Trovatore," Wed. Eve., March 12; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Fri. Eve., March 14; "Carmen," Sat. Aft., March 15; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., March 15. (*Curtain* times vary and are not fixed until a day or two before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Billy Soose vs. Ernie Vigh, middleweights, 12 rounds, Fri., *March 7;* Steve Belloise vs. *Tami* Mauriello, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., March 14. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M., main matches at about 10 P.M.)

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, at 8:30 P.M.: Americans vs. Detroit, Thurs., March 6; Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., March 9; Americans vs. Boston, Thurs., March 13. . . . Amateur-series game: Sun., March 9, at 1:30 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden: K. of C. Meet, Sat., March 8, at 8 P.M.

WINTER SPORTS—Eastern Amateur Ski Association championships, Laconia, N.H., Sat. and Sun., March 8-9.

OTHER EVENTS

ARCHITECTURE—An exhibit called "40 Architects Under 40," showing, with drawings, photographs, and models, the work of some of the younger men *in this field:* Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 28.

PHOTOGRAPHY—The big, annual exhibition of the Pictorial Photographers of America: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 28.

COSTUME EXHIBITION—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century British, French, and American ensembles, including some worn by Queen Alexandra: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10.

BENEFIT SHOW—Yearly theatrical turnout to help the Israel *Orphan Asylum: Madison Square Garden,* Sat. Eve., March 15, at 8:30.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—Italian majolica, two Beauvais tapestries, English and European silver, and art objects, collected by the late Baron Gustave de Rothschild and now owned by Baroness Lambert: Fri. Aft., March 7, at 2. . . . French and English furniture, sporting paintings, a Charles X Aubusson carpet, and porcelains, the property of Bertrand L. Taylor: Sat. Aft., March 8, at 2. . . . United States stamps, collected by William R. Cooper and George B. Cortelyou, Jr.: Tues. Aft. and Eve., March 11, at 2 and 8.

NOTE—Federal income-tax returns must be mailed in time to be postmarked before midnight, Sat., March 15.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—Speaking on the eighth anniversary of the administration's agricultural program: Sat. Eve., March 8, at 10:30, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WOR.

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Alceste," *with* Marjorie Lawrence and René Maison: Sat. Aft., March 8, at 2, WJZ.

SYMPHONIC MUSIC—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri. Afts. at 2:30, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Szell conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun. Eves. at 6:05, WJZ. . . . Joseph Szigeti, Sun. Eves. at 7, WOR. . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC.

THIS AND THAT—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz, Albert Spalding, and John Charles Thomas, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC. . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . George Burns, Gracie Allen, and Artie Shaw's orchestra, Mon. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ARISE, MY LOVE—Lively item for Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland, with Europe and the war as background. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Sat. through Tues., March 8-11.)

BACK STREET—Love and tears and beautiful clothes, all in this screen version of Fanny Hurst's old *novel. With Margaret Sullavan and* Charles Boyer. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Tues., March 11.)

FANTASIA—Walt Disney takes another hurdle, with the aid of Bach and Beethoven and Stokowski. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

GO WEST—The Marx Brothers and the wide plains of pioneer days and the complex difficulties of frontier life. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., March 12.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—Charlie Chaplin's dissertation on the great problem of the day, with many a delightful suggestion of the old Chaplin, too. (Astor, B'way at 45; daily at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HIGH SIERRA—Humphrey Bogart as a killer in the Dillinger style, with Ida Lupino as the sad little heroine. Not unusual, but exciting. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., March 10. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., March 9-10. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Fri., March 12-14.)

KITTY FOYLE—The beautiful working girl (eloquently interpreted by Ginger Rogers) and her peculiar problems, especially as regards the men, both rich and poor. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., March 6. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 7. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., March 10. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Wed., March 12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., March 8-12.)

THE LADY EVE—Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in a smart piece of absurdity about a millionaire and a siren. Written and directed by Preston Sturges. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

THE LETTER—Bette Davis, escorted by Herbert Marshall and James Stephenson, portrays Maugham's famous heroine of Singapore society with great success. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., March 7.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME—John Ford's adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's early one-act plays—a fine film of the sea and the men of the sea. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., March 7.)

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD

NIGHT TRAIN—Another British thriller of spies, Berlin, and the outbreak of war—a general, wild hullabaloo. Very exciting indeed, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

PASTOR HALL—A balanced and stirring tragedy of the days when German gentlefolk first became aware of what Hitler meant. With Nova Pilbeam, Sir Seymour Hicks, and Wilfrid Lawson. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., March 11-12.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO—The French film from which came our "Algiers." Though worn now, it's still of strange interest. With Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY—One of the phenomenal successes and certainly a triumph for Katharine Hepburn. The Barry play very skillfully adapted to the screen. With James Stewart and Cary Grant. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., March 12. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; starting Tues., March 11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Thurs., March 13.)

STRAWBERRY BLONDE—The tale of a dentist, from "One Sunday Afternoon," with Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney. Simple American folk, you know, around 1900. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., March 13.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Jeeter Lester and his famous clan in a sketchy film which hardly suggests the wild, racy humor of either play or book. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Fri., March 7.)

VICTORY—A sound, good screen version of the Conrad novel of the Dutch East Indies and the *strange life lived there by strange travellers.* With Betty Field, Fredric March, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., March 7. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Mon., March 10. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., March 8-10. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., March 12.)

REVIVALS

AS YOU LIKE IT (1936)—Shakespeare. Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., March 7-9.)

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., March 8. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., March 11-12.)

CAVALCADE (1933)—Noel Coward's troubled England. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95; *Thurs.,* March 6.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitchcock war melodrama, with Joel McCrea. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., March 11-12.)

THE GAY DESPERADO (1936)—A farce about Mexican bandits. Nino Martini, Ida Lupino, and Leo Carrillo. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., March 9-10.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., March 12.)

THE GREAT WALTZ (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. and Sat., March 7-8.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., March 8-11.)

LA MATERNELLE (1935)—Montmartre's poor. French. (*Thalia,* B'way at 95; starting Mon., March 10.)

THE MIKADO (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; *Fri. and* Sat., March 7-8.)

NINE DAYS A QUEEN (1936)—About Lady Jane Grey. Nova Pilbeam and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., March 9-10.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., March 6.)

THE PETRIFIED FOREST (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., March 7.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: On **THURS., MARCH 6:** "Trouble in Paradise," with Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. **FRI., MARCH 7:** "Hands Up," with Raymond Griffith and Marian Nixon; and "Two Tars," with Laurel and Hardy. **SAT., MARCH 8:** "High and Dizzy," with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," with Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **SUN., MARCH 9:** "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. **MON., MARCH 10:** four 1915 Chaplin films. **TUES., MARCH 11:** four 1916 Chaplin films. **WED., MARCH 12:** four 1917 Chaplin films.

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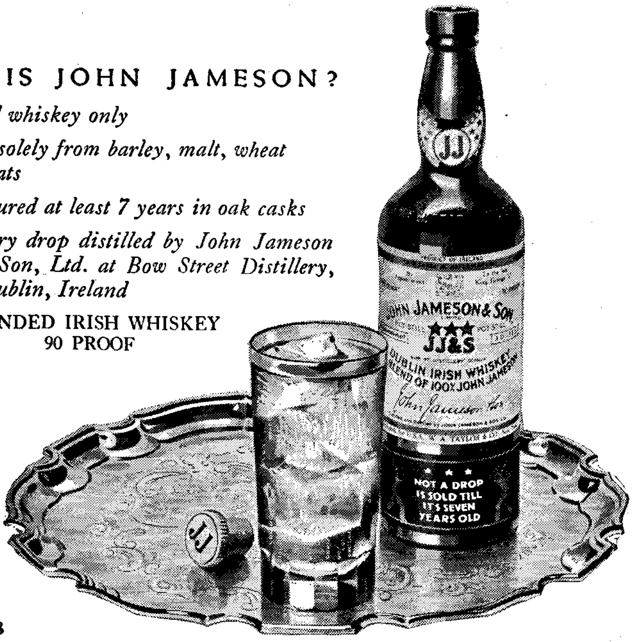

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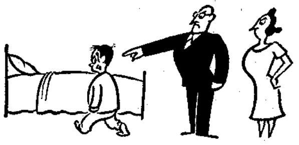
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

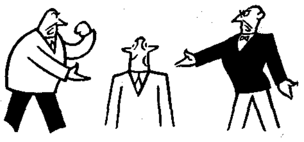
READING about the principal out in Sag Harbor who instituted a Nazi regime in his school just for one day to show the students how terrible such a thing would be, we got to thinking about our own sixth birthday, when something very much the same happened to us. Our parents, a couple of Early American liberals, got the idea that it would teach us a very fine moral lesson if we were allowed to do exactly as we pleased from morning to night, with no back talk from the authorities. The theory, of course, was that we were bound to get hurt one way or another and so come to realize that there was no real happiness for a little boy in a state of pure anarchy. Like many other dreamy political schemes, however, this turned out to be the bunk. We had a wonderful day, though rather muddy, and when the discipline was clamped on again at bedtime we resented it more than ever. It is just possible that a good many eager young minds out in Sag Harbor, now safely restored to the democratic way of life, sometimes look back to that strange, happy day when everybody got dressed up and it was O.K. to make the girls get out and scrub the sidewalks.



BY a melancholy coincidence the obituaries of Charles Keller Beekman, publisher of the *Social Register*, and Edward J. O'Brien, the most indefatigable of modern anthologists, appeared simultaneously one day last week. Each in his way was a final authority. Mr. Beekman, who died in New York, spent his long life in isolating, out of a nation of a hundred and some millions, the pitifully few of decent breeding and reasonable morality; Mr. O'Brien, dead in England, performed the same service for letters, grubbing out of the fantastic rubbish heap of magazine fiction a yearly average of thirty rather glum short stories which seemed to him worthy of the comparative immortality of book publication, or at least didn't make him especially sick. Both selections were somewhat arbitrary and there were occasional embarrassments. Once a little dog got in the *Register* (the same year, incidentally, that a big Wolfe got in the "Best Short Stories") and there were entries in both who dropped rather abruptly into Sing Sing or the *Saturday Evening Post.* Nevertheless, Mr. Beekman and Mr. O'Brien made brave attempts to separate the sheep from the goats, and they will be missed. Other hands, we suppose, will carry on their work, but it won't be quite the same. We will never pick up either of these books again with the old confident feeling that here are the saved, the final aristocracy of the nation's blood and brains. Never again will we be quite sure which of our acquaintances are really men of quality, or whether what we read is really art or tripe.

FOLLOWING very closely on Princeton's decision to allow students to keep liquor in their rooms, the Harvard Club is going to let women mess around in its clubhouse on Forty-fourth Street. For nearly fifteen years now, the windows of our office have overhung this venerable hangout and quite often we have eaten and drunk there with graduate friends. Frankly, it is a place that calls for a woman's hand. The unusual animals, caught and stuffed by the Oyster Bay branch of the Roosevelt family, stare down from the walls with a frowzy and dissolute air, columns of dust waltz in the occasional beams of light that pierce the gloom, the furniture is dark and heavy and grouped in an unsociable way, and the members themselves often seem a bit rumpled and faded in color, as if somebody ought to take them out in the yard and beat them, like rugs. Now, however, all this will soon be changed. Bright chintz and girlish laughter are coming in, and probably dainty salads with a dash of whipped cream and a cherry on top. Fair Harvard, thy sons are going to have quite a time recognizing the old dump.

SOMETIMES everything is so easy for us we can hardly believe it. We have just reached, quite effortlessly, the answers to a couple of mysteries that have been baffling science and criminology for the past two weeks. Reports have come of a dramatic ailment that makes one side of a man's face look as if it belonged to an entirely different person. The cause of this trouble is unknown, and so is the cure—to medicine, at any rate. We say that it's a temporary condition brought on by paying too much attention to the debates over the lend-lease bill. By the time this is printed the matter will probably have been settled, and faces everywhere will have recaptured their old symmetry all by themselves. The other great mystery of the past fortnight has been the odd behavior of the gang of waterfront thieves who made off with the parts of ten submachine guns awaiting shipment to Britain. As you probably recall, the



guns were later discovered in a vacant lot, all assembled and set up. We solved this mystery in a dream. The way it happened to us was like this: We and a bunch of our friends copped this case full of parts off a dock and took it over to a lot to see what we had. There were ten of us, and we sat up all night putting the pieces together. When we were all finished, we looked at what we had and we ran like hell. Anything else you'd like to know about?

•

Incidental Intelligence: The feather headdress worn by Calvin Coolidge on the famous occasion of his induction into the Sioux tribe is now in the Northampton Library, among the stuffed birds.

Hatchi's, a tearoom on upper Broadway, offers for sale, at $2 a pound, a delicious confection it calls Moron Glacé.

The distillers of Seagram's V.O. announce, on beer coasters distributed in bars, that V.O. is "Now Seven Years Old—Formerly Six Years Old."

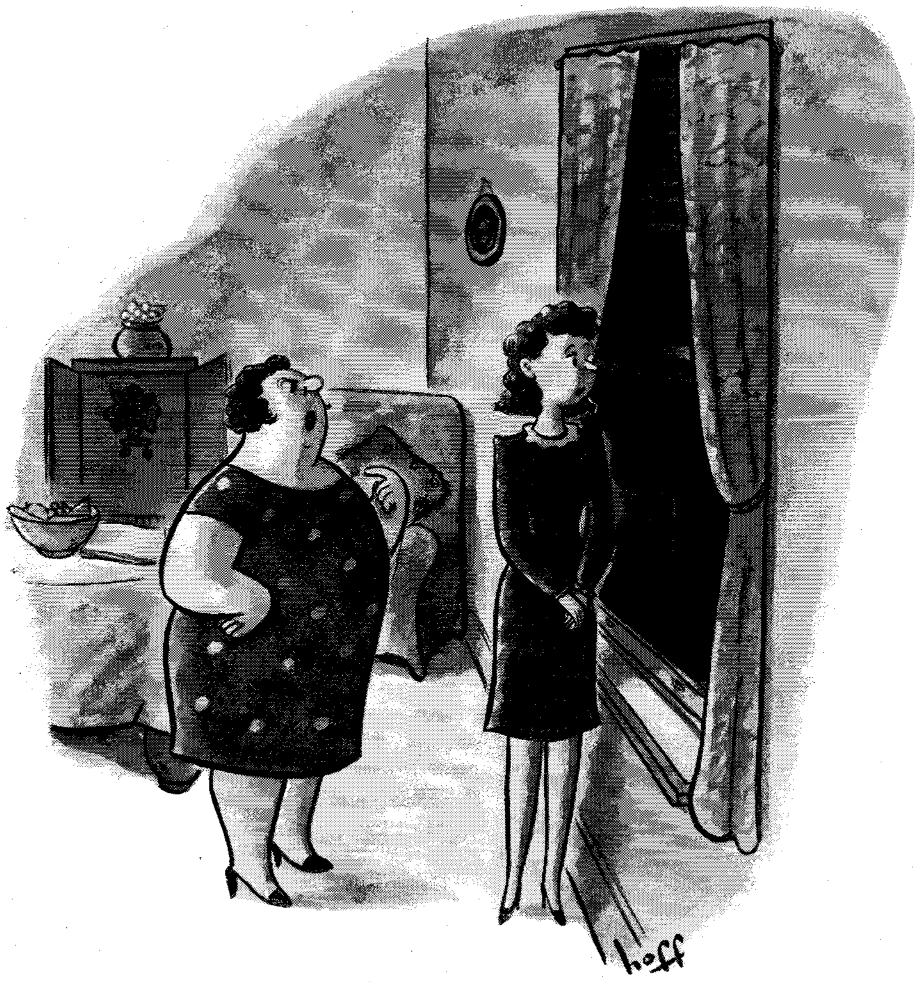
On a wall of the Smith College Art Museum once occupied by Poussin's "Venus and Adonis" there is a sign saying, "Temporarily removed because of damage by lipstick."

Chinese Reporter

WE'RE fresh from an enlightening chat with David Lu, a young man with the distinction of being the sole full-time Chinese newspaper correspondent in the United States. He arrived a month ago by Clipper and plans soon to open an office in Washington. By way of breaking in, he has been calling on American editors, among them *Time-Life-Fortune's* Mr. Luce. Both Lu and Luce are somewhat slanty-eyed, but it's easy to tell them apart: Luce is the one who was born in China and educated over here, and Lu is the one who was born in New York and educated in China. Lu's father was the proprietor of the City Hall Tea Garden, a thriving chop-suey place which stood near City Hall and was popular with the newspapermen who worked on Park Row. In 1917, when David was twelve, his father sent him to China, along with his mother and his brothers and sisters. David was educated at Lingnan University, Canton, and Yenchin University, Peiping. He did graduate work in journalism at Peiping and delved further into the subject at the University of Missouri, where he stayed for two years on an exchange fellowship.

Lu is working for the Central News Agency of China, which is owned and operated by the Chinese government. Before getting his present assignment, he was head of the Hong Kong bureau. He told us that it was high time for the Chinese to form some journalistic contact with the United States, since the Japs have twenty-one full-time correspondents over here. The mention of Japs got us onto the subject of the Sino-Japanese war, which Lu describes as a stalemate. "They don't know what to do with us, and we don't know what to do with them," he says. One bit of journalistic naïveté that he would like to correct is mention of the "opening" or "closing" of the Burma Road. Take it from Lu, the Burma Road is open twenty-four hours a day. Occasionally the Japs delay traffic by bombing a bridge, but there are always a few thousand coolies on hand to put out pontoons. "The stuff gets there, that's all," he told us. Lu also told us how whole factories—spinning mills, arsenals, iron foundries, and the plants of many other heavy industries—have been dismantled by coolies, carried away from seaboard cities now occupied by the Japs, and set up inland. Lu says the best way for Americans to grasp the immensity of this sort of job is to imagine thousands of laborers dismantling a factory in New Orleans, hitchhiking up to Minnesota with a piece of machinery on each man's back, and putting the factory together again. Altogether, he says, three hundred thousand tons of machinery have been moved inland by coolies.

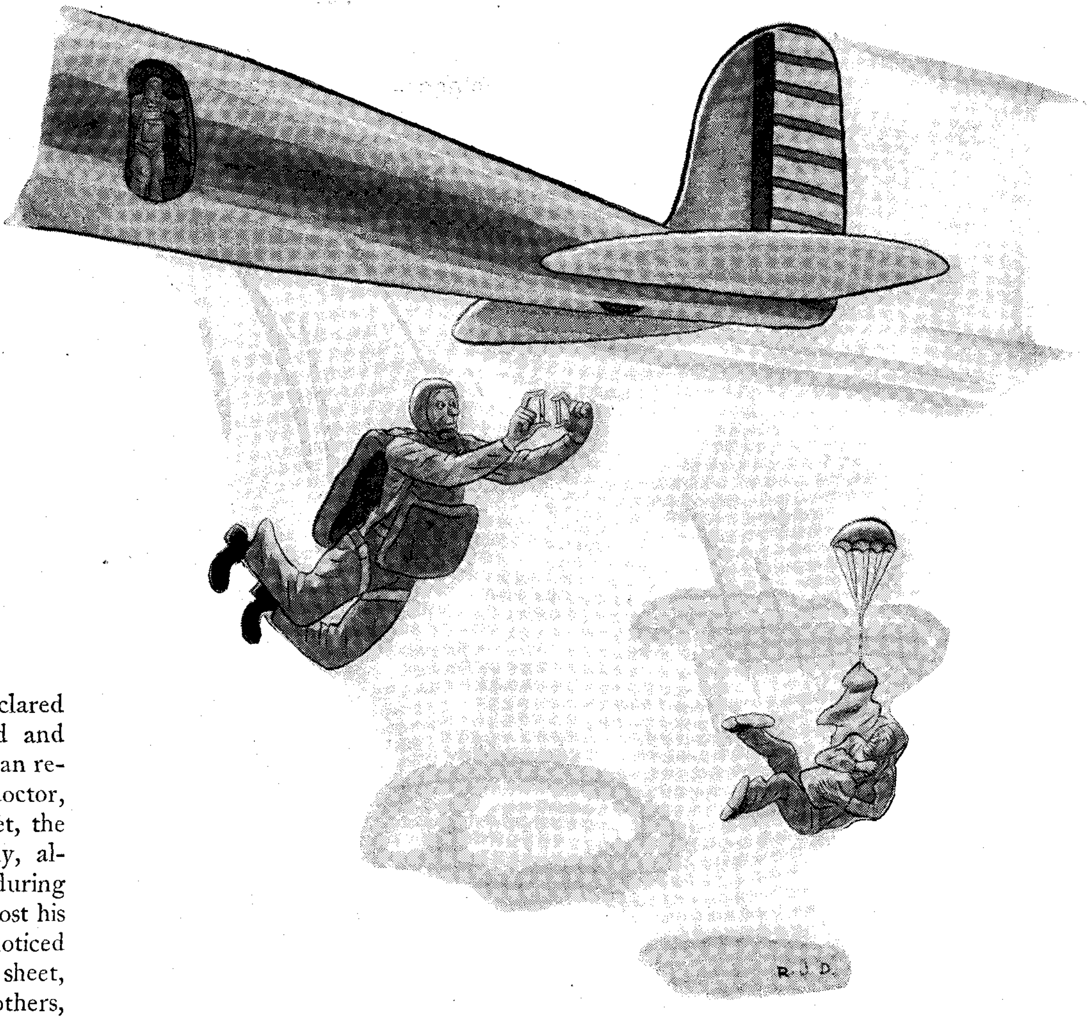
Lu left a wife and two sons back in China, and already feels homesick. He dislikes the tempo of life here—"In China, we take life more complacent, more easy"—but is delighted with our skating rinks and cafeterias: "You can eat with your hat and coat on." The first thing that happened to Lu upon his arrival was being registered for the draft; he was born an American citizen and is eight months under the age limit. "I seem to have walked into a hornets' nest," he says philosophically.



"I suppose you'd like me to go out and make friends for you!"

Cure-All

WE have been told about an efficient doctor who lately worked out a time-saving series of diet charts to correct various ailments and physiological conditions, and had them mimeographed. Thus, when a patient came in a couple of weeks ago suffering from arthritis, the doctor had, so far as diet instructions were concerned, merely to go to his secretary and ask for Chart No. So-and-So and hand it over with the admonition that it be observed rigorously. The patient was an elderly gentleman whose wife was in Florida, so he took the diet sheet around to his club, where he had a conference with the chef. All in all, what with the novelty of the thing and a quick improvement in his condition, he created so much interest in his new regimen that several of his cronies took it up also, the weather being what it was. They unanimously declared themselves considerably benefited and pleased, and when the old gentleman reported the happy situation to his doctor, tenderly brandishing the diet sheet, the doctor was pleased too, naturally, although there was one moment during the conversation when he almost lost his composure. This was when he noticed that he'd passed out the wrong diet sheet, one he'd got up for nursing mothers, with a good deal of thought. He caught himself before he said anything, and he hasn't said anything to the old gentleman yet.



No Nudity

THE news that Luna Park had just been leased for ten years by a syndicate of showmen who planned to streamline it took us out to Coney Island on a recent blustery Sunday, on a formal investigation. There we were taken in hand by one of the new proprietors, Mr. Milton Sheen, a vigorous Brooklyn attorney, who immediately expressed his dislike of the word "streamlining." "Every guy that's got a delicatessen with a new kind of corned-beef sandwich thinks he's streamlining his joint," he said forcefully. The proper verb, if you are interested, is "to modernize." "That's what we're doing here," Mr. Sheen told us. "Modernizing—1941 tempo." He gave out with more facts: Luna Park is thirty-nine years old, covers twenty-five acres, books close to 100 attractions 100, and has an inflexible policy of good, clean fun. "Nudity is out," he said. "Take the World's Fair. A lot of naked women. It didn't pay." According to Mr. Sheen, carnival men generally were disgusted with the Fair's amusement section. The place was lousy with gimmicks, he told us, meaning that the games of chance were mechanically controlled so as to favor the management. No gimmicks at Luna Park, friends, so hurry, hurry, hurry!

Mr. Sheen introduced us to one of his partners, Mr. Billy Miller, a man who has lately won fame in the amusement world by eliminating sex (Gypsy Rose Lee) from "Streets of Paris," substituting a magician and some acrobats, and sending the production on tour. "It's making history with its grosses," Mr. Sheen said respectfully. In company with Sheen and the history-making Miller, we set out on a tour of Luna, the partners meanwhile telling us about projected improvements. "Beautiful Girls Entombed in Ice," for example, will be replaced by "The Bombardment of Britain." "It will be an air raid, actual and devastating," Sheen told us, his eyes alight with visions. An arcade around the tiled swimming pool, erected in the days when people were afraid of the sun, is to come down and a sun deck will be constructed in its place. The Dragon's Gorge is going to be spruced up, too. The redecoration of Luna Park represents a belated victory for Anthony Comstock, the reformer; he used to be shocked speechless by a mural in the roller-skating rink (formerly the Palace of Joy Fight Club), in which five girls are shown in knee-length bathing suits. Sheen has condemned it; he just doesn't like it.

The glass-sided tank in which the unclothed young ladies of Dali's "Dream of Venus" used to swim, to the bewildered delight of Fairgoers, has turned up at Luna Park. "Captain Coswell will grapple with six man-eating sharks in that tank," one of the partners told us, "in a bathing suit." The Capt. is now in Florida, superintending the capture of the sharks. "People want blood for ten cents," Sheen remarked. The 1941 tempo: no more Dream of Venus.

Alarum, Without Excursion

THE local office of M-G-M, which issues newsreels for the export trade, got an alarming communication last week from its South American branch: "Enclosed in the tin can containing Newsreel #18 (South American edition) we found a small reel which we are addressing back to you per same mail. This is obviously Nazi propaganda and must have been slipped into the film can either in course of transit or somewhere at the source. English translation is: 'Do not let yourself be put to sleep with pills of democracy! The world needs a new medicine, and we have it. You can be one of our leaders if you join us now.' "

Not unnaturally scared by all this, the New York M-G-M office tried to telephone their Washington man, so as to get the F.B.I. on the trail with the least possible delay. The Washington man was out to lunch, which was just as well. The story finally got around to somebody in the New York office who recognized the sinister manifesto as part of the sound track of a trailer, or screen advertisement, for the latest Nick Carter serial, which deals with Fifth Columnists.

Miss Patty

CARRYING only a packet of sandwiches and a small attorney, we plunged last week into the question of why neither Western Union nor Postal Telegraph now includes "Happy Birthday to You" in its repertoire of singing telegrams. Since the first of February, both companies have been offering a choice of two new happy-birthday songs, which are sung to the public-domain tunes of "Yankee-Doodle" and "Mary Had a Little Lamb." This situation is not, as some of the gabbier columnists have hinted it is, a result of the ASCAP-BMI struggle. It's a totally different struggle, between the telegraph companies and a music-publishing firm called the Clayton F. Summy Company. ASCAP is concerned, but not actively.

"Happy Birthday to You" has the deceptive ring of true folk music but is in fact copyrighted, words and music, by the Summy Company. Summy is a member of ASCAP, and "Happy Birthday" is therefore an ASCAP tune in good standing. As such, it has been barred from the radio during the recent unpleasantness. Up to February 1st, the telegraph companies had ASCAP's permission to use "Happy Birthday" without paying royalties. In the past three years, however, singing telegrams have accounted for upward of $200,000 worth of business. "Happy Birthday" has, according to one estimate we heard, been sung at least a million and a half times by the telegraph minstrels. The Summy Company advised ASCAP last fall that in future it would like to get royalties and offered ASCAP the choice of doing the necessary dickering itself or stepping aside and allowing the Summy Company to do it. ASCAP, which had its hands full at the time, chose the latter alternative. Summy then offered "Happy Birthday" to Western Union for a yearly royalty somewhere in the neighborhood of $15,000, and to Postal for less, both figures being based on the comparative volumes of singing-telegram business done by the companies. Western Union and Postal both said no, and there the matter rests.

The author of "Happy Birthday" is living right here in New York, and we venture to say that no other songwriter is such an august figure in the academic world. We are referring, of course, to Dr. Patty Smith Hill, Professor Emeritus of Education, Columbia University. She is in her seventies and has been in retirement for the past six years, but at Columbia they still speak of her, with respect and affection, as Miss Patty. We haven't talked to Miss Patty, but Miss Alexina Booth, who used to be her secretary, told us, "Writing 'Happy Birthday' was just one of the thousand things she's done for children. She doesn't care about getting any publicity or any money or anything else from it." "Happy Birthday" first appeared in a kindergarten songbook published in 1893 and was a words-and-music collaboration between Miss Patty, then principal of the Louisville Kindergarten Training School, and her sister Mildred, who was studying music. Originally, as any kindergarten graduate can tell you, it went "Good morning to you." The "Happy Birthday" stanza was composed by Miss Patty some time later and not copyrighted until 1935. Like it or not, Miss Patty must have taken in a tidy sum in royalties. "Happy Birthday" is an insidious composition which bobs up everywhere; two recent plays, for example—"Panama Hattie" and "The Male Animal"—have paid royalties. The producers of the revue "The Band Wagon" innocently used it in a skit and got soaked for a per-performance royalty based on more than a year's run. Incidentally, Miss Patty has instructed her publishers never to licence its use for swing. It was swung once on a Jack Benny program and she didn't like it.

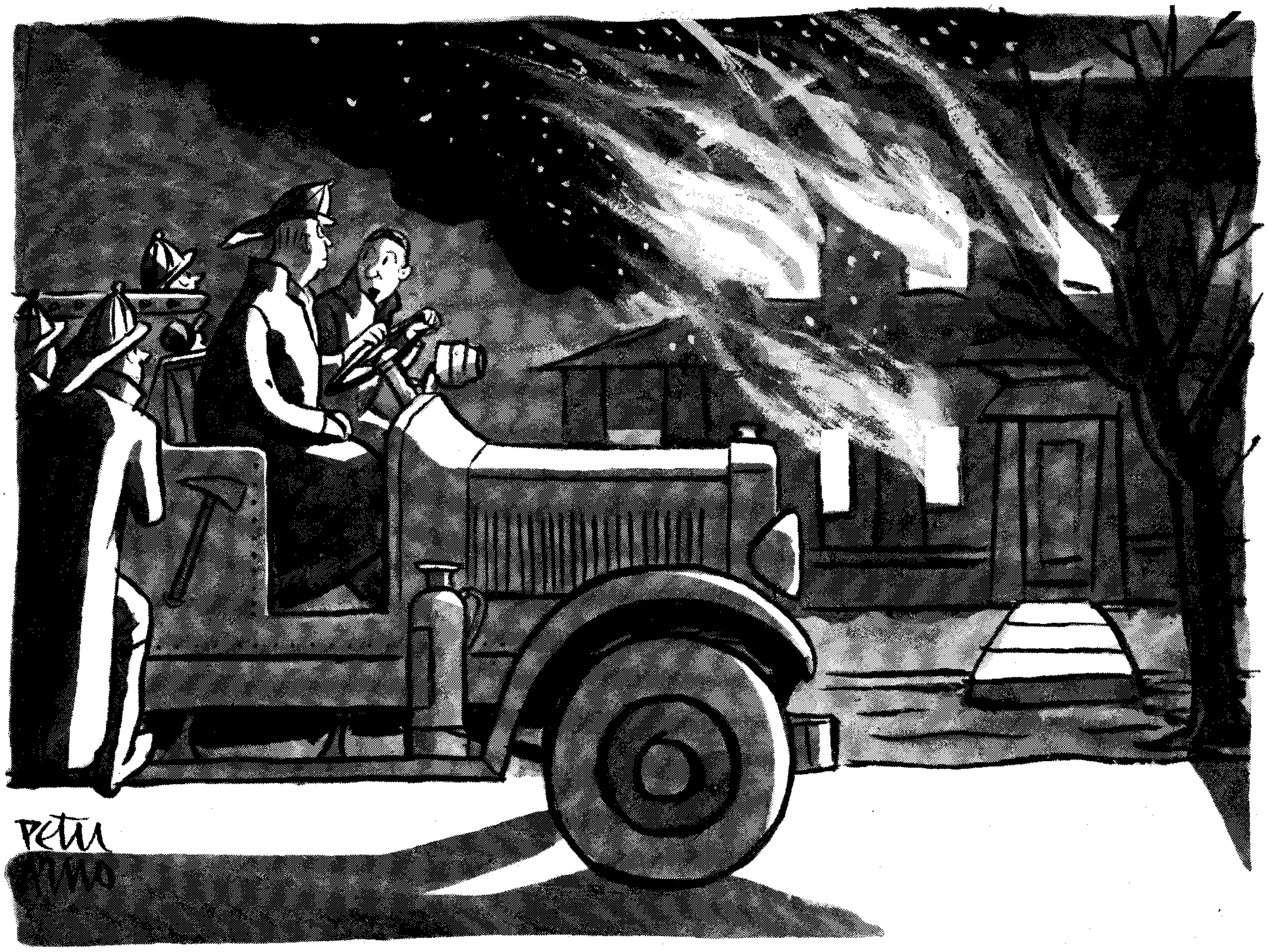
Like all songwriters, Miss Patty and her sister tried hard to repeat. They composed a number of songs in the same vein—"Good Morning Song," "Good Morning to the Playroom," "Lullaby and Good Morning," "Morning Greeting," and "Rainy Day Good Morning." With another collaborator, Miss Mildred went even further and produced "Morning Song of Praise," "Morning Greeting," "Morning Prayer," and two others listlessly entitled "Good Morning, No. 1" and "Good Morning, No. 2."

Counterattack

GREENWICH VILLAGE still has some of its old kick, no matter what they say. For example, a young lady artist fresh out of Bennington was sitting in Washington Square one recent pleasant afternoon, intently sketching a lady on a bench across the way. When she was done, she shifted around and prepared to sketch a man reading the *Times* on another bench. At that, the man leaped up angrily, protesting that she had no right to move, and displayed a sketch pad he had had concealed behind the paper. It bore a half-finished drawing of the Bennington girl.

Root Branches Out

LAST time we talked with Oren Root, Jr., he was sitting in a windowless office on upper Madison Avenue, heading a one-man Willkie-for-Presuninestace movement, which he described at the time as "a decentralized snowball rolling downhill." That was in May. We called on him last week, just for a routine checkup, and found that although the snowball has now rolled downhill, Root has not. These days he has an office with a window. This is in a small suite of rooms at 100 East Forty-second Street, which is headquarters for all that is left of the Associated Willkie Clubs. To be exact, the organization is now the Independent Clubs of America, Mr. Willkie's name having been lopped off at his own request. An office staff of six remains, cleaning up loose ends and handling Willkie fan mail, which con-



"This place certainly fits the description."

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tinues to arrive at the somewhat surprising rate of fifteen or twenty letters a day. Mr. Root told us that he hopes the Independent Clubs will get to depend less and less on a central organization and turn their attention to local problems.

Since the election, the young Republican has been pretty active, although he has managed to work in a couple of vacation trips. He's an ensign in the Naval Reserve, and has been brushing up on navigation and allied subjects in the expectation of being called up before the year is out. Meanwhile, in partnership with two other young men named Hatch and McLean, he has just opened a law office, right across the street from Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner & Reed, where all three were employed before the election. In addition to liquidating the Willkie Clubs, Root has had to testify before various congressional committees about his campaign expenditures. (He reported $1,393,998 collected and $1,309,925 disbursed, if you're interested.)

Root still says Willkie is "the greatest living American," but has no active plans for plugging him in 1944. He has seen Willkie on business matters a couple of times since Willkie's trip to England. He approves of the trip, and of everything his hero has done since November 5th. "Before the election, people thought he was just too good to be true," he told us. "Now they know he's the real thing." He is undismayed by the rumor that Willkie may practice law in New York, thus putting his firm in competition. "It would be competition only in so far as a flea can compete with an elephant," he says, loyally. He means Willkie is the elephant, or so we understood it.

Root's Willkie campaign has resulted in his being sprinkled with honors. The Young Men's Board of Trade of New York has selected him as "New York's Outstanding Young Man of 1940," and presented him with a scroll and a golden key as tokens. A publication called *America's Young Men* named him one of the "ten outstanding young men in the United States," along with such other precocious youngsters as Bing Crosby, Martin Dies, Dr. Gallup, and Colonel Lindbergh. Of these honors, Root merely says, "They made me feel quite extraordinary."

Vicious Circle

AS evidence that the be-kind-to-animals movement can get out of hand, a lady pianist of Baltimore has written us about an experience she had with the local branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Having been invited to perform at the annual meeting of the Society, she stopped by at their headquarters a few days ahead of time to try out the piano. She found it in pretty bad shape. With the help of an S.P.C.A. official, she got the piano open and discovered that the felts were full of holes. The official tchked with mild concern. "Just as I feared—mice," he said. "The building is overrun with them, but of course *we* can't set traps."

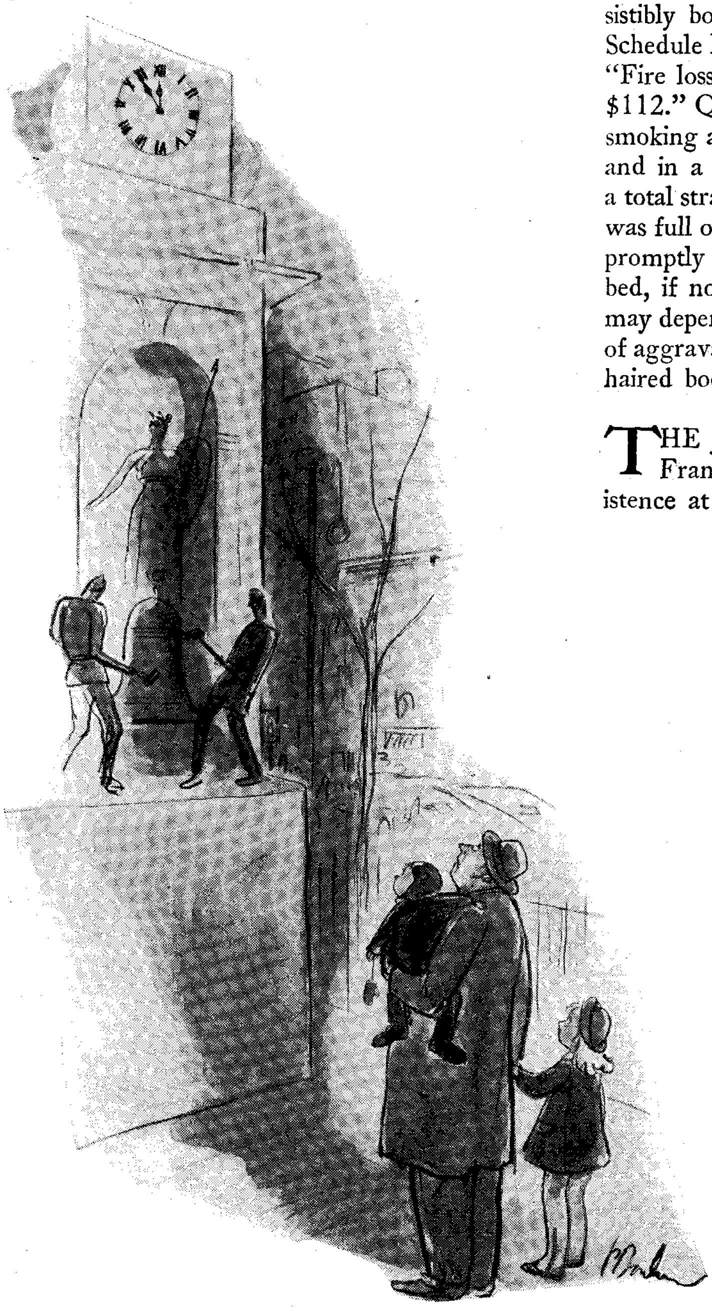
ADORABLE, TAXABLE YOU

LORD love you, child, I am only a lantern-jawed individual with progressive myopia caused by attempting to cope with the current literary output, and I certainly don't want to usurp any reviewer's job in the Sunday book section. But when I see an authentic human document go begging while Messrs. Duffus, Adams, and Jack whoop up the latest trilogy, I could spit. . . . Now listen to me, Vardis Fisher and Jules Romains, you stop sulking in that corner. This is the last time Nanny ever takes *you* to a party.

If "Income Tax," by David Joseph, C.P.A. (Authentic Publications Co., New York, twenty-five cents), has received less than critical acclaim, its fate at the hands of the consumer is much more gratifying. It was selling like hot cakes the day I got my copy at a cut-rate drugstore; in fact, a stack of hot cakes nearby was entirely ignored and fast becoming cold cakes while customers fought with each other around a dwindling pile of Mr. Joseph's "Income Tax." In a speculation worthy of Daniel Drew, I finally secured one from an elderly party in bombazine by trading a two-volume "History of Flagellation" and half a chocolate-malted. I still think I came off top dog, and the feeling must have been widespread, for on learning of the incident, the eminent bibliophile Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach declared, "He came off top dog."

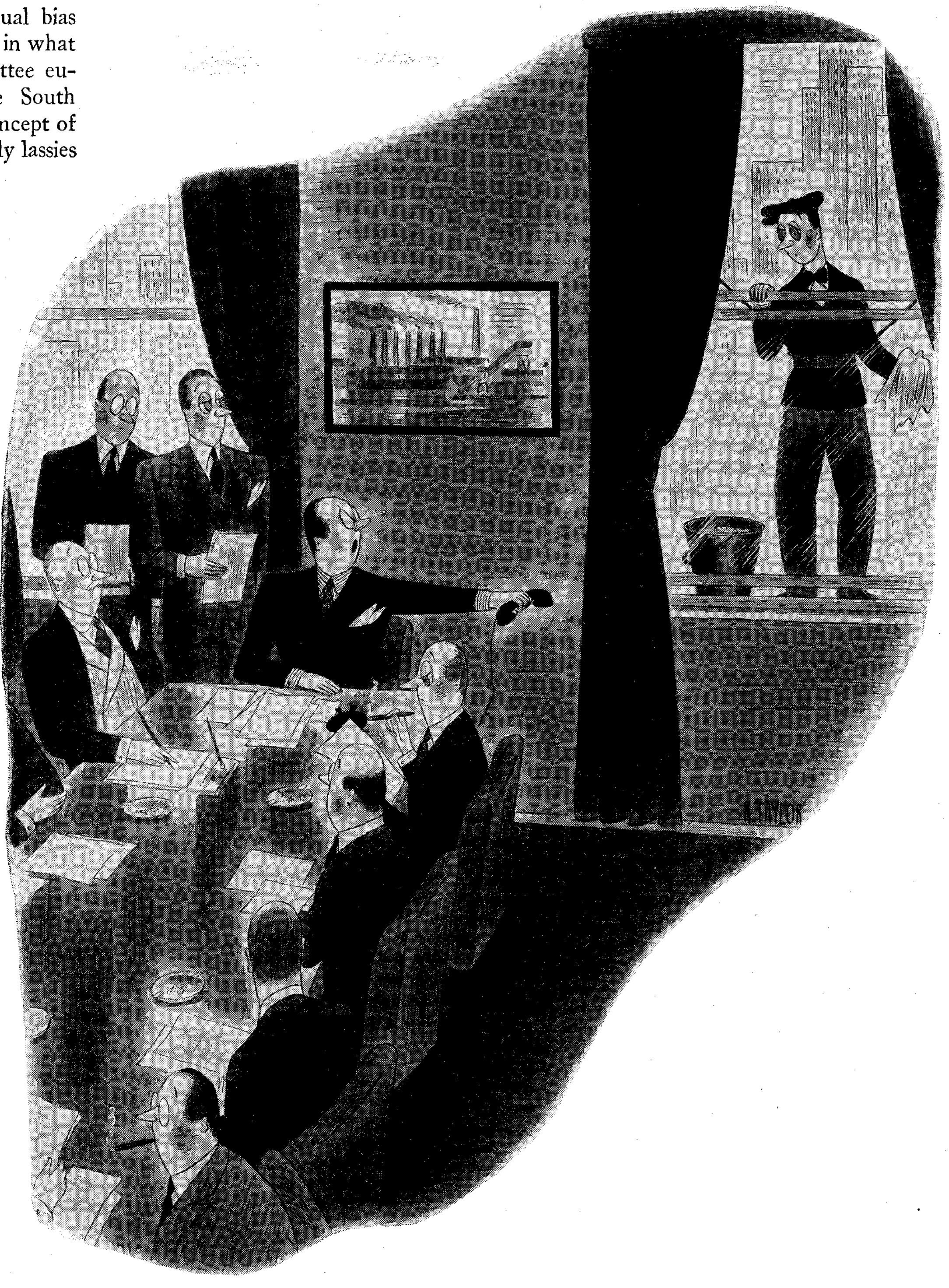
It is well to be forewarned that the general effect of "Income Tax" is closely akin to that of inhaling dental gas, unless you are the sort to whom tax-free covenant bonds, fiduciaries, and Canal Zone retirement funds are meat and drink. Only when Mr. Joseph turns to his files for actual visual examples—case histories, so to speak—does his book come alive, and then with a vigor and clarity unmatched in Freud. And as if the lives of James Taxpayer and John and Frances Wedd were not vivid enough already, the author presents them in facsimile income-tax returns, a device any novelist would have given his Windsor tie to anticipate.

Form 1040 A, a year in the life of James Taxpayer, finds him living quietly in the Bronx, working as pianist in a band—whether sweet, boogie-woogie, New Orleans, or Chicago style the return neglects to set forth. Judging from his somewhat colorless name, however, and the twenty-six dollars he contributed to "Non-sectarian Church," I see James as a sallow young man given to lush interpretations of "Beautiful Ohio," with pianola effects in the manner of Adam Carroll. The band is clearly a five-piece combination whose members put on funny hats about nine-thirty, and James, for his specialty, plays "Margie" as it might be done by a Swede, a Chinese, and so forth.



All in all, a respectable if prosaic citizen—until you begin analyzing his income and deductions. Then you discover from Schedule A that James received $2,600 in 1940 from something called Dance Corp., at 1463 East Eleventh Street, New York City. The firm is undeniably solvent; completely so, since it appears to be doing business in thirty-two feet of water in the middle of the East River. The pattern becomes even more complex with the deduction of $40 for "cost of substitute in band." Appraising James' services at five dollars an evening (probably much too high), it is obvious he was missing from the aggregation eight times during the past year. Drunk? Possibly. Muggled up, more than likely—an impression irresistibly borne out by the deductions in Schedule F: "Portfolio stolen, $35" and "Fire loss (not covered by insurance), $112." Quite patently, James had been smoking a stick of tea in some rib joint and in a burst of generosity presented a total stranger with his portfolio, which was full of piano scores. After which he promptly went home and set fire to his bed, if not his mother. A bad lot, you may depend on it, and a constant source of aggravation to some lovely old white-haired booking agent.

THE joint return filed by John and Frances Wedd also reveals an existence at once humdrum and bizarre. The income of this apparently irreproachable pair was derived from a variety of sources: John's salary as a teacher, a snug little annuity, several hundred shares of stock, and, oddly enough, a matter of $9,994.92 rising out of a business known as Importers & Exporters, located at 2 Export Street, New York. It would seem from this hasty survey that John is that rare amalgam of dreamy pedagogue and ruthless businessman in whose company it is advisable to keep your wallet pinned inside your shirt. The nature of the business transacted by John's firm is fairly obscure. For a while I thought he might be selling silver foxes from unmarked trucks, but sober



"It's for you."

reflection and a naturally sensual bias convinced me that he is engaged in what the League of Nations Committee euphemistically refers to as the South American export trade. The concept of a school teacher exporting comely lassies to Buenos Aires is undeniably romantic, but what is meant by the deduction on Line 6 of Schedule D, "Clearances, Charges and Garbage, $7,417.21"? It seems unfair. I, who lead a much more upright life than John, have never been allowed any substantial deduction for garbage, and even if the word should have been "cartage," that hardly alters the case. Whatever expenses John incurs in moving his young wards are normal overhead and definitely a part of the taxable total. Not a very good example to set our Latin neighbors, John, you dirty chiseler, you.

I know I shall be accused of distortion and formulating too-facile moral judgments, but the financial complexities of the Wedds are as nothing compared to their home life. Behind a façade of bourgeois domesticity there was enacted in 1940 as feverish a scene as any Alfred Hitchcock ever directed. For in that year the Wedds were domiciled at 1 Sunset Park, in Brooklyn, sharing their brick two-family house with a tenant who paid them $900 in rent. The detail is insignificant until, in Schedule C, you encounter the chilling deduction "Painting and decorating tenant, $75." Extraordinary things have been known to take place in Brooklyn, as witness "Arsenic and Old Lace," but I submit that Mr. Karloff must bend the knee to John and Frances Wedd. It needs no lurid imagination to reconstruct the tableau: the tenant powerless under the influence of a mysterious drug prepared in a basement laboratory by John Wedd (could a man of that name be anything but a mad scientist?); laughing Frances and more serious-minded John fussing over their color cards, she, with her woman's instinct for color, trying to persuade her husband to stipple the tenant twilight blue; and, merely as an accent in the darkened room, the tenant's eyeballs gleaming whitely in his head . . .

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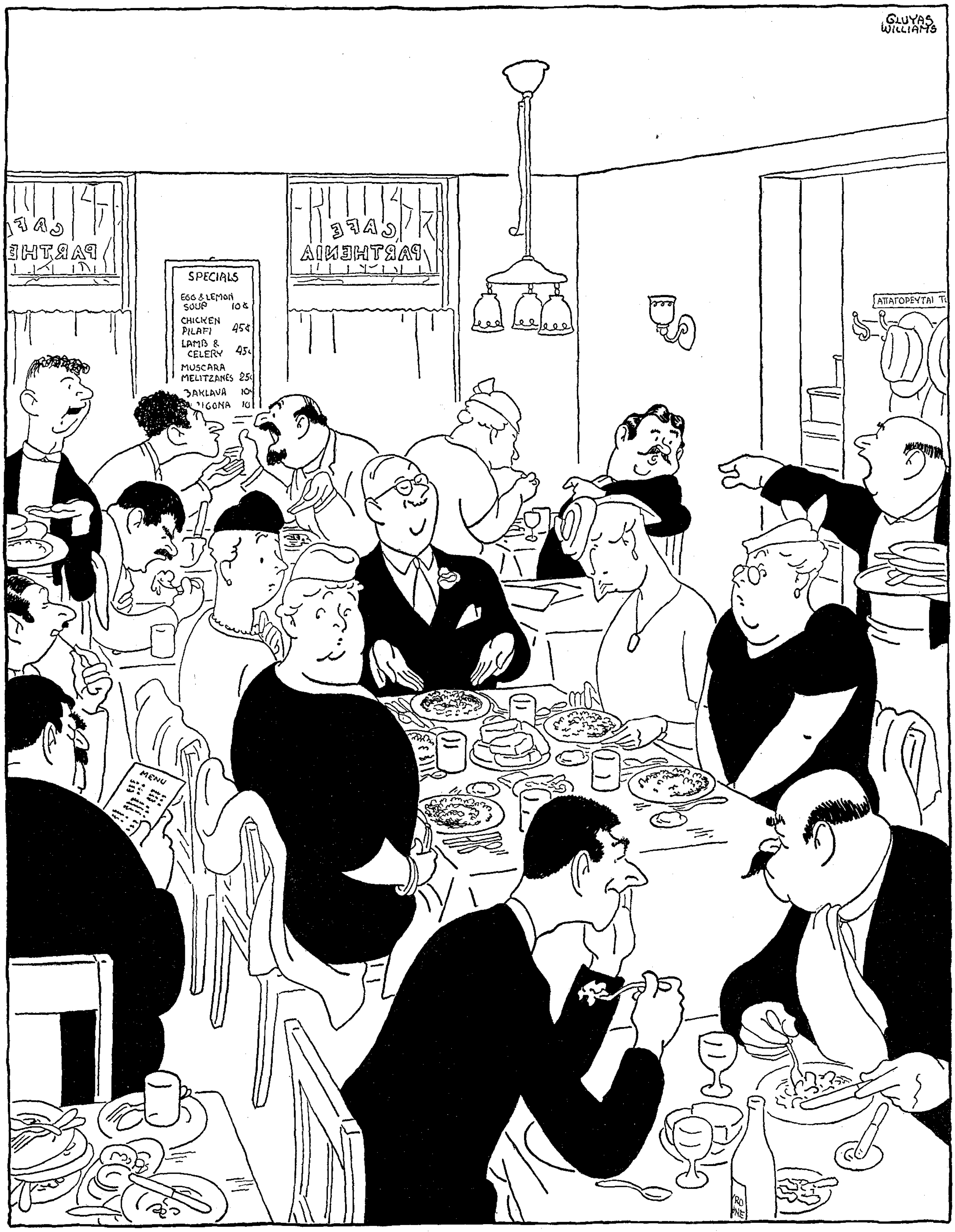
THIS is presumably Mr. Joseph's first book, and if he has his faults, so did Poe and Henry James. His prose is childish, his grammar unspeakable, and his point of view materialistic, but I loved every word, even the ones that made me sleepy. Here is a book for youngsters from six to sixty, for anybody who likes to hold on to his money. It is dedicated, says a simple foreword, "to the purpose of giving the public what it needs—when it needs it—in the form in which it needs it—and at a price which all can afford." And with French vermouth and nose candy selling at their current quotations, Mr. Joseph, you've got the only game in town. —S. J. Perelman


GLUYAS WILLIAMS
CAFE PARTHENIA
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MENU

THE INNER MAN

Out-of-the-Way Place

WE'RE NOT SPEAKING ANY MORE

WE'RE not speaking any more, Mildred Tiber and I. I finally couldn't stand it. I finally had enough of it. The idea of a woman of forty-six making a fool of herself at her age, behaving like a—well, a common thing! That's the only word for it—a common thing. My goodness, the way she carried on about her "future," you'd think she never saw a man before in all her life. A woman forty-six years of age!

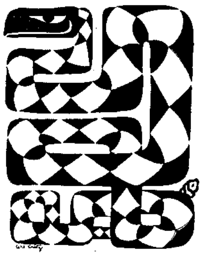
Oh, I've known Mildred Tiber more years than she's willing to remember. In fact, I knew her when she was married to Mr. Tiber. Now, there was a wonderful man—a fine type individual with a simply divine disposition. Simply divine. They didn't come any better than Mr. Tiber, and Mildred knew it. Why, in those days she was as subdued as subdued could be; you'd think the cat ran away with her tongue in those days. She acted like a perfectly normal wife then, fixing Mr. Tiber's dinners, tending to her affairs, and behaving like a normal human being, which she actually was.

Then along had to come this sudden bereavement in her life, and the next thing we knew—no more Mr. Tiber. Finnee! And such a nice person, too, poor man—so charming and such a marvellous disposition. And a wonderful sense of humor. Why, the way he took off stories and the way he laughed all the time, honestly, it was a pleasure to pass an evening with the Tibers in those days. Well, when the cardiac condition came along, that was the end of him, poor fella, though I must say, if I have to go, I'd rather go in a hurry the way he did than hang around and hang around and suffer day by day and let those doctor bills mount up. No, thank you very kindly.

Anyway, poor Mr. Tiber passed away and you should've seen the way Mildred took it. Not at all well, poor thing. For two whole weeks she couldn't keep anything solid on her stomach. It just wouldn't hold a thing because of her deceased husband. In fact, during those two weeks she lost fifteen pounds. Personally, I thought she never looked better in all her life, considering no makeup. I thought to myself at the time, "My goodness, here I go without sweets and starches, which I dearly love, just to lose a few measly pounds, and every time I do they bounce right back again, whereas Mildred comes along and in two weeks, zip—fifteen pounds without even trying!" But then, I suppose when you have any unpleasantness in your life, food is the last resort on your mind.

Well, to continue, I used to see Mildred all the time after that. I felt she ought to have somebody around to take her mind off the—well, the situation, and to see she wasn't too lonely. We'd sit around and we'd reminisce about this, that, and the other thing, and we'd talk about Mr. Tiber, what a fine type character he was, and then she'd start moping. That's all she'd ever do—from morning, noon, till night, just mope. She'd keep staring at the picture of Mr. Tiber, which was a snapshot she had an enlargement made of and put on top of the artificial fireplace in the living room. I tried again and again to budge her out of the house. I'd ask her if she wanted to play mah-jee or if she wanted me to dig up a bridge game for her, an eighth of a cent, but you could see that mentally she was in another world entirely. "Lilly," she'd say to me, "the day Mr. Tiber passed away, that's the day everything in life stopped for me." "How can you say such a thing?" I said. "Why, Mildred, you're young, comparatively, and you've still got everything to live for. It's silly to let yourself go to pieces this way. Crying and moaning and groaning never brought anybody back to earth yet, so why aggravate yourself unnecessarily, in which case the only one to benefit by it will be your family doctor?" "No, Lilly," she said, "it's no use. I'm just an empty shell now. Just an empty shell."

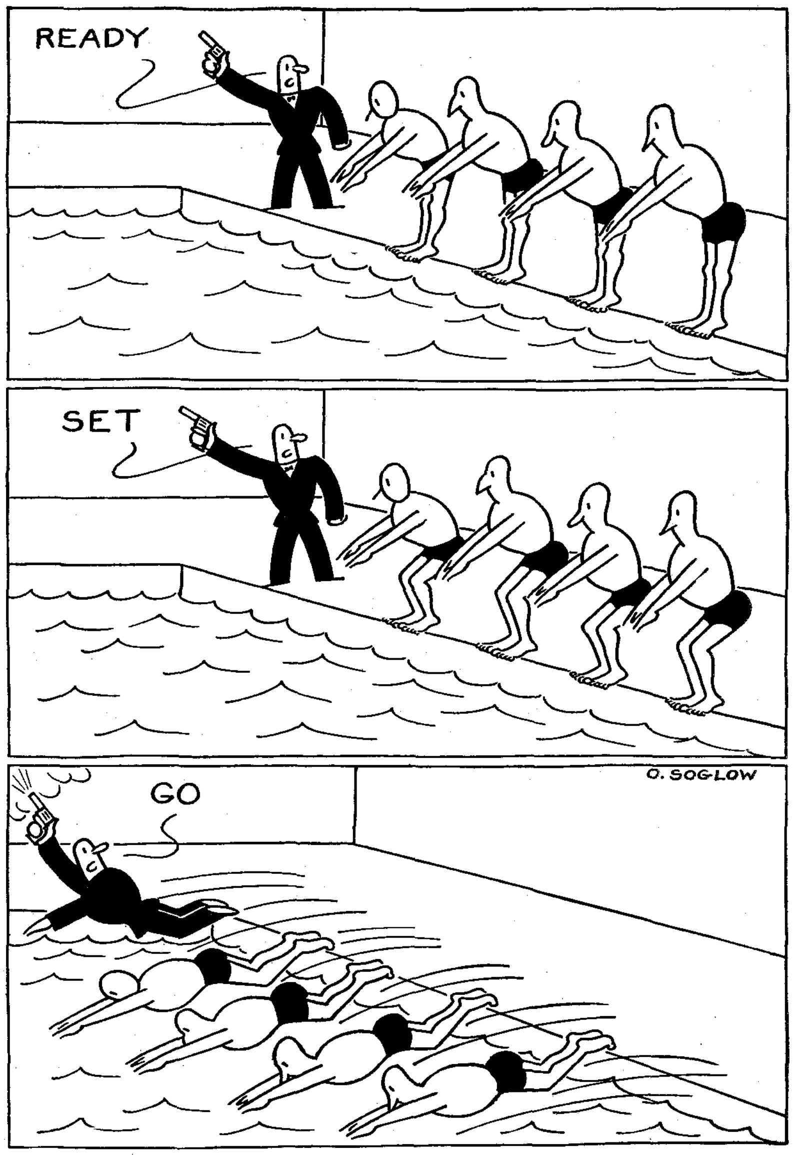
Finally, one day I inquired about her financial condition, whether she was worried from a financial point of view. "Lilly," she said, "one of the reasons I carry on so is because Mr. Tiber was the finest man I know. Imagine how thoughtful and considerate he was that between his life insurance, his annuities, and his investments I don't have to worry for a long time to come, if then. Lilly, I'm afraid there'll never be another like Mr. Tiber." And her eyes started to water and the tears started to pour—well, you know, another Niagara Falls! "What're you crying about, Mildred?" I asked her. "You ought to be so happy and contented that, financially speaking, you won't be embarrassed for some time to come, and yet your eyes are simply pouring with tears. Why?" And she said, "I'm an empty shell, Lilly. I'd give every penny of the money, and more besides, to any worthwhile charity you mention if I could only have him back again." So I very calmly told her that being it was impossible to bring him back, the next best thing to do was to make a life for herself without him, inasmuch as she still had many years ahead of her and inasmuch as Mr. Tiber provided comfortably with the means whereby she could settle down and adjust herself nicely. "Besides, Mildred," I said to her, "if Mr. Tiber could see you now, the way you're letting yourself go to rack and ruin as far as your clothes and your appearance are concerned, I assure you he would heartily disapprove, and he'd be right, too."



IT was the apartment lease that did it. When it was up, I told her it was foolish to stay in the same place with all those memories. Wherever you turned, there were his things—his favorite chair or his favorite pipe or the favorite book he was always reading. Why, any minute you'd expect him to come walking in, whereas way down deep in your heart you'd know it was simply impossible. So I told her, "What you need is a complete change of scenery from top to bottom. Mildred, move!"

So she moved to West End Avenue and called in an interior decorator, who threw out every piece of the old furniture. Not a stick of the old stuff was brought in. Everything was brand-new with the exception of the photograph of Mr. Tiber, which she put on top of the fireplace in the living room—a real fireplace this time. "Lilly," she said to me, "that picture is always going to be there above the flames of that fireplace. Like a shrine. I feel that's what Mr. Tiber would've wanted."

I didn't get to see her so often after she moved, because of the inconvenience of West End Avenue. I'd see her every once in a while when she needed a fourth or when she'd have some people over for tea. She was still very subdued. All her dresses had a touch of black and she wore no jewelry whatsoever, costume or otherwise. Before I'd leave, we'd always have a few minutes' private conversation. "Frankly, Mildred, how do you feel?" Then she'd shrug her shoulders and she'd say, "Frankly, Lilly, I'm just an empty shell."



WELL, with one thing and another I didn't get to see her for, oh, two, three years, till a month or so ago, when my husband, one night after dinner, he takes a good look at me and finally he says, "Lilly, you look like the wrath of God. Why don't you go away and rest a while?" And I said, "That's easier said than done. Go where, and since when did Santa Claus fill my stocking last?" So he said that inasmuch as his business has improved enough to warrant a winter vacation, he will treat me to a trip to Florida. And that's how I happen to be here.

Well, I'm here at the hotel the first day when I'm walking along the beach and I notice a woman sitting at one of the tables outside the bar. There's a party of young people sitting around her and they are all laughing and having a good time. I keep looking at this woman, she's nice and tanned and has on a very stunny beach outfit, and she's wearing two very gorgeous ruby clips and a simply divine bracelet. There's something familiar about her and I'm trying to figure out now where have I seen that face before when she looks up and she shouts "Lilly!" The minute I hear her voice I recognize her. "Mildred Tiber!" I said. And I was right. It was Mildred Tiber.

Honestly, I just couldn't get over her appearance. "Mildred," I said, "you're a changed person entirely. I just can't get over the change." "For the better, I hope," she said. "I should say for the better," I said. "My, you look like you've just stepped out of the picture section that comes with the *Times* every Sunday. Mildred, I simply must know what's happened to you." Well, she laughed and said, "Lilly, I want to tell you all about it, but I can't now because I've got to rush off to a lesson with the Arthur Murray dancers in a little while." "What about tonight, after dinner?" I said. And she said, "After dinner I've got a gin-rummy date with a young party of people. But I'll break the date and we'll have a nice little chat instead."

ALL I can say is when I took a look at her that night I thought to myself, "Poor Mr. Tiber, every cent he made she must have put on her back!" She had on a coat just littered with silver foxes, and the emeralds—why, the one stone on her finger is something you'll never see in a box of Cracker Jacks! "Mildred, Mildred," I said. "I can't get over it. Gorgeous! And that gown, simply exquisite!" "Oh, that's a Hattie Carnegie original," she said. "It's part of my trousseau." "Part of your *what?*" I couldn't believe my ears. "Let's sit down and I'll tell you all about my 'future,'" she said. "He's divine."

We started for the Great Lounge, but they had the bingo tables set up, so we went to the bar instead. "Now, Mildred," I said, "what's all this about the 'future'?" She said, "He's in his early thirties, very handsome and a marvellous dancer. That's why I'm taking lessons." And I said, "Where did you meet him?" "He was a blind date," she said. She was invited to a friend's house for dinner and they got him for her. The hostess said to him, "Mr. Wallach, I want you to meet Mrs. Tiber," and he said, "Mrs. Tiber is too formal. What's your first name?" She said, "Mildred." And he said, "Mildred is too formal. From now on it's Millie. Everybody calls me Albert, Millie, but I'm Al to you." Just like that. Then he said he had two tickets for the Fred Allen broadcast that week, what was she doing? She said nothing, so they made a date. She said she took an instant liking to him right away. They clicked from the start, especially after he took her home and he saw Mr. Tiber's picture on top of the fireplace. "So that is your late husband I heard so much about," he said. Naturally, she inquired just what he heard so much about, and he said, "Oh, what a marvellous type man he was. How wonderful and so on, especially how considerate he was in *every* respect." "Uh-uh," I said to myself, "he's referring to the money Mr. Tiber left her," but I didn't say anything to Mildred. I merely let her continue. "Yes," she said to him, "that's absolutely true. There'll never be another like him." Then she told me how Mr. Wallach turned to the picture and said, "Mr. Tiber, I give you my solemn word I am going to do everything I can to make your Millie happy, so help me God!"

And that's how it started, and before they both knew it they were engaged and in love. "But Mildred," I finally had to say to her, "far be it from me to intrude myself, but a man in his early thirties—I mean, don't you think there is some slight difference as far as the ages are concerned?" "Well, frankly, Lilly," she said, "I thought about the matter very seriously. My mind said it was true I might be somewhat more mature than he is, but my heart said, 'I'm in love and that's all that matters.' So I listened to my heart. After all, Lilly, you yourself admitted that I ought to let bygones be bygones and to make a new life for myself."

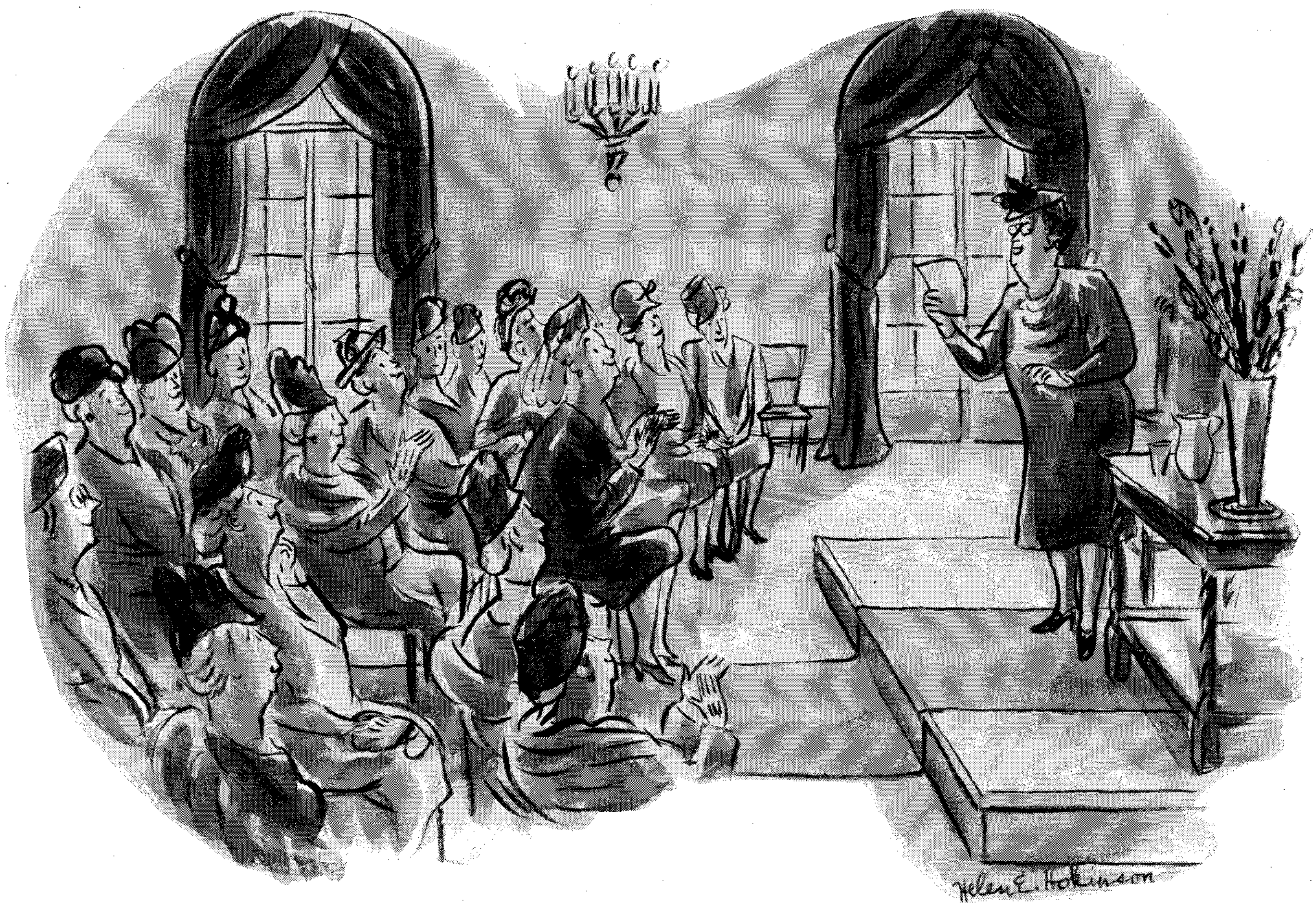
Then I inquired about what type business he was in, and she said originally he was in the arbitrage business till the depression came along, then he went into the cotton-converting game, and now he's decided to take up the mechanical dentistry he started when he got out of college. She said as soon as he finished his course she planned to open an office for him and then she'd settle down and resume her perfectly normal life again as Mrs. Albert Wallach.

So I wished her good luck and every happiness, naturally, but privately I thought to myself, "No, somehow it doesn't seem right," but I decided to hold my peace and to see how the situation would develop.

I WASN'T the only one, though, who was in on the situation; the whole hotel knew about it. She'd get a letter from her Mr. Wallach every day, and then she'd read it to the first person who'd come along. "Listen to what I just got from the 'future,' " she'd say. And then she'd read it—a typical slushy, gushy letter! Honestly, I'm surprised anyone in his right senses would write such dribble, much less Mildred's reading it aloud to utterly complete strangers.

I think what finally brought the situation to a head was I went up to the solarium this morning for my usual sun bath when Mildred comes in, takes a look around to make sure she had an audience, and then puts a long-distance call through to New York to the "future." She couldn't wait till after seven at night, when the rates are reduced. Oh, no! She simply had to make that call at ten in the morning. And the way she slushed and gushed and carried on! Goodness! Naturally, everybody stopped their sun-bathing to listen to the call—you just couldn't help it. And the comments I heard were too frightful for words. Just too frightful! All I could say to myself was "I only wish poor Mr. Tiber could overhear this. I only wish he could see how his hard-earned money was being frittered away."

I then and there decided that the matter had now reached a head. So I waited till after lunch, when she was stretched out in her chair with her sun specs on and the oil lotion covering her face, and I asked Mike to bring me a chair right next to hers. "Mildred," I said, "I'm going to be brutally frank with you about something, no matter whose toes I step on in so doing!" "Why, Lilly, what are you talking about?" She just couldn't figure it out. "I'm talking about a certain Mr. Wallach," I said. "What about him?" she said. "Everybody in the hotel is commenting on the spectacle you are making of yourself with the 'future' this and the 'future' that." Well, she got red in the face—I *think* she got red, though she's so tanned you never know—and



"In regard to our 'favorite-bird' poll, some of you will be thrilled to learn that the chickadee is leading by seventy-five votes."

THIS IS THE PLACE TO WAIT

When you are caught breathless in an empty station
and silence tells you that the train is gone,
as though it were something for which
you alone were not prepared
and yet was here and could not be denied;
when you whisper, Why was I late, what have I done?,
you know the waiting hour is at your side.

If the time becomes your own, you need not fear it;
if you can tell yourself the hour is not
the thing that takes you when you sit
staring through clinic waiting-room white walls
into the blank blue northern sky
frozen a quarter-mile above the street,
and you are held there by your veins and nerves
spreading and grasping as a grapevine curves
through the arms and back of
an enamelled iron riverside park seat,
you need not think, Why must I wait
until the doctors say:

"We have come to lock you up.
It's the psychology of things that has got you down;
if you complain, we shall take care of you
until you know at last you can't escape.
Is your dream
the dream of a child kept after school,
made to write a hundred times
what three times seven means,
while in your sleep, before you get the answer,
the blackness fills and swells with pictures
of Technicolor inkstain butterflies?
Is that ink blot a tiger
in a bonfire? Are these the spines
of ancient caterpillars?
Is this the shadow of a wildwood, leaping deer?
Is that what you see, or what you think you see?
Then we can tell you what you are,
what you can do, and what you ought to be,
as though your life were written down in court,
your name the last word on a questionnaire.
There is nothing private that we do not know;
you can't deny these figures on a chart
that follow you no matter where you go.
Each zero is an open, sleepless eye
piercing the hidden chambers of the heart,
and if you fail, or if you kill yourself,
we shall know why."

It is when the waiting forces you to stop
in stillness that you wish would not return
that you say, I am not the same as other men;
I must live to wake beyond the fears of hope
into an hour that does not quite arrive. . . .

And in that quiet, lost in space, almost remember
the difficult, newborn creature you once were,
in love with all the wonders of the world,
seeing a girl step, white and glittering as a fountain,
into cool evening air,
knowing you could not touch her,
or dare to still the floating, flawless motion
of that pale dress above its glancing knees,
brief as the sight of sun on Easter morning
dancing its joy of earth and spring and heaven
over the sleeping bodies of men in cities
and between the branches of the tallest trees.

It is then you tell yourself,
Everything I live for is not quite lost.
Even if you've waited someplace far too long,
if you can't call it peace, you call it rest;
if you can't call it luck, you call it fate;
you then know that when anything goes wrong,
perhaps it also happened in the past.

You light a cigarette, you carefully
blow out the match.

You know again you have to wait.

—Horace Gregory

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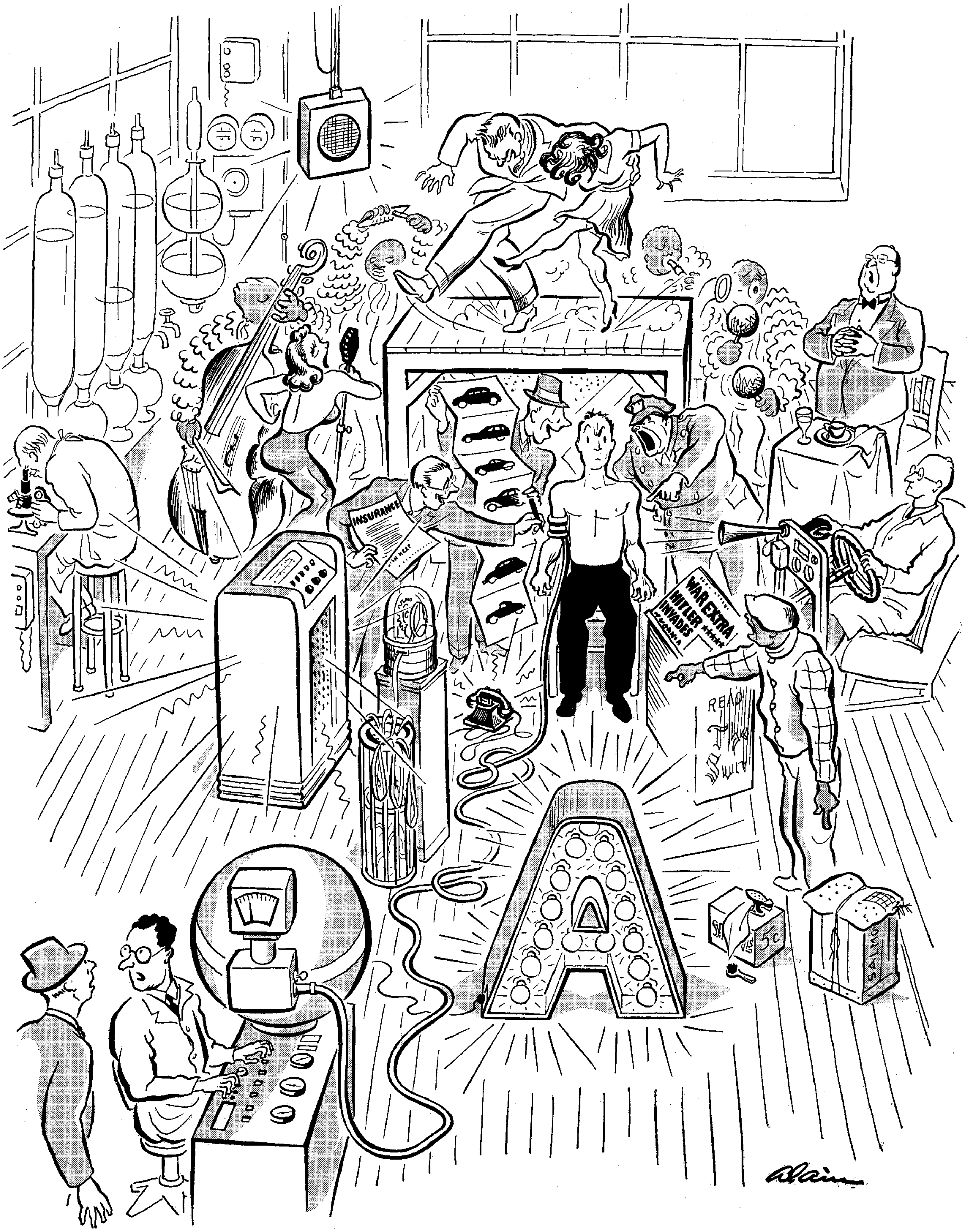
she started in carrying on about the people in the hotel minding their own affairs. "Mildred," I said, "I'm telling you this for your own good. If poor Mr. Tiber were alive today, he would heartily disapprove of what you are doing." "Oh, yes?" she said. "Oh, yes," I said. "This isn't what he would have wanted." "And, pray, what would he have wanted, being you know so much?" she said. Just like that. So I said, "He would have wanted somebody approximately your own age, somebody with a fixed and permanent position, instead of a young man who keeps hop, skip, and jumping around God knows where."

Well, I never saw anything like it before. Mildred Tiber, the subdued little thing when Mr. Tiber was alive, flared up and—well, the things she said! I'm just a busybody sticking my nose where it doesn't belong. I'm a jealous cat who can't stand anybody else having pleasure in life. I'm an old fogy who resents somebody attractive enough to have a young man romantically inclined about her. Now, *that* was too much for me. An old fogy! Just because I don't dye the gray in my hair and kill myself with diets and vitamins and Arthur Murray dancing, the way she does, to keep my figure, it—well, that expression was entirely uncalled for. But entirely!

Anyhow, I very calmly said nothing to her. I just walked away. Why waste breath? After all, when people deliberately blind themselves to the true facts, there's nothing you can do but sit back and wait the consequences. I'd like to be around the day she's married and her "future" moves in and tears up Mr. Tiber's picture and throws it into the fireplace. I'd just like to hear her say to me, "Lilly, you were right. Absolutely right!" But it'll be too late then. You just wait and see!

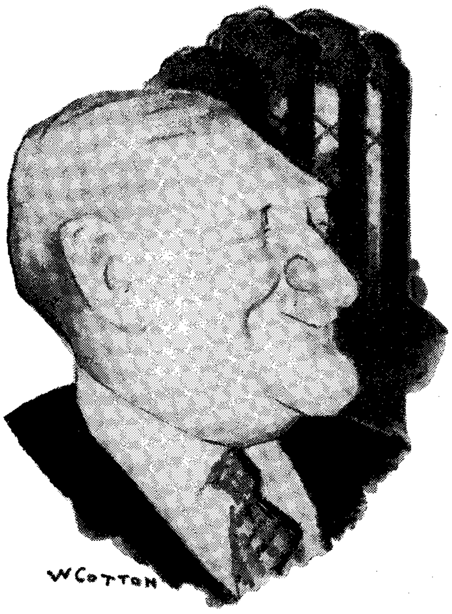
—Arthur Kober


INSURANCE
WAR EXTRA
HITLER INVADES
READ
5c
SALMO
Alain

"We're trying to determine the limit of human endurance."

PROFILES

PRODUCTION MAN—I



William S. Knudsen

ON April 8th last year the comfortable citizens of Copenhagen went to bed at peace with the world. When they woke next day they heard the sound of marching in the streets, and learned that several thousand Nazi troops, hidden in the hulls of coal barges along the docks, had crawled out in the early-morning hours and taken over the sleeping capital of Denmark. On April 9th, in Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A., William S. Knudsen, the president of General Motors, a man who had never had more than a perfunctory interest in power politics or war, began to do a lot of thinking about the invasion of his native Denmark. Like many naturalized citizens who have come to this country to make their fortunes and have made them, he is an intensely patriotic American, but he has never ceased to love and help Denmark. Two sisters of his still live in Copenhagen, where he was born. Up to that April, Knudsen had kept a conspicuously open mind on the subject of the Nazis and the war. The invasion of Denmark jarred him.

One morning last May, the telephone rang in his home in Detroit. "This is Knudsen," he said simply, as he always does when he answers the phone. It was the White House calling. President Roosevelt wanted Knudsen to become a member of the new national defence commission he was planning, in charge of the production end of the whole rearmament program. As Knudsen has since told friends, he was both surprised and deeply moved. He couldn't help thinking of the day he had arrived in the country as an immigrant laborer forty years before, and of how he had been herded from one place to another and bewildered by people swearing at him in an incomprehensible language. And now the President of the United States had offered him what might turn out to be the biggest production job in the world. After assuring Roosevelt that he would gladly do anything to help in the emergency, he said, "But first I have to talk to my people in New York to see if I can get off." "You're drafted anyway," the President told him.

FOR several weeks before this telephone call, while the German armies swept through Flanders to the sea, a long series of sober visitors had gone to the White House to offer the President advice and warnings. They talked about the need for uniting the nation by ending the disputes between government and business and between capital and labor. They talked about putting some one man in charge of a big rearmament program. The new methods of warfare, the "war of factories," demanded enormous quantities of tanks, bombers, pursuit planes, and machine guns. For this a production genius was needed. The name of Knudsen was repeatedly brought up by Roosevelt's callers. On May 16th, the President asked Congress for a vast increase in the pending Army and Navy appropriations. He also called for the building of fifty thousand airplanes, a notion that cheered the country up a good deal. For over a week, with his advisers, he worked on a defence program of his own, and by May 26th the plan was fairly well along. It was on that day the President made his phone call to the president of General Motors, bringing about an alliance that the most hardened of political marriage brokers would not have dreamed of a few weeks earlier.

The next day, Knudsen went to New York and talked over the President's proposal with Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., chairman of the board, and other General Motors heads. These men, who had been attacked by some New Dealers as "economic royalists," did not love Franklin Roosevelt and his works, and Knudsen himself had often felt just about as they did. They warned him that little good might come of his participation in the defence program. Knudsen held to his decision and insisted he be given a leave of absence, and finally got it. He went direct to LaGuardia Field to take a Washington plane. A crowd of reporters was waiting for him. "Can you build those fifty thousand planes?" they asked. "I can't, but America can," he said. The newspapermen liked Knudsen immediately and have given him a uniformly good press ever since.

In Washington, Knudsen was met by one of Roosevelt's administrative aides, William McReynolds, who was acting as liaison man between the President and the commission. To him, Knudsen unburdened his main anxieties. Who would head the new board? Who would really boss the show? "Some people tell me I might just get pushed around," he said. "Could I do a real job on this?" McReynolds tried to reassure him. The next day, Knudsen saw Roosevelt at the White House. The two men were freely photographed for the papers and newsreels, shaking hands and smiling at each other, Knudsen bowing from the waist in one of the Old World mannerisms he has retained. Knudsen is a hulking giant, six feet three, wide-chested, with immense, sloping shoulders; he has the hands of a boilermaker; his muscles bulge through his clothes. He is square-headed, with a pink face, gray hair, and blue eyes set wide apart and wrinkling up in crow's-feet when he smiles. Posing with Roosevelt, he smiled his broadest smile. When reading something for the benefit of the photographers, he put a pair of pince-nez attached to a black ribbon on his generously proportioned nose, which made him look like a scholarly sort of bear. As soon as the photographers had gone, the two men got down to business. "Mr. President," Knudsen began, "who is to be the boss of this commission?" "I am," Roosevelt answered hastily. "That's all right, that's all right," said Knudsen. "I just wanted to know."

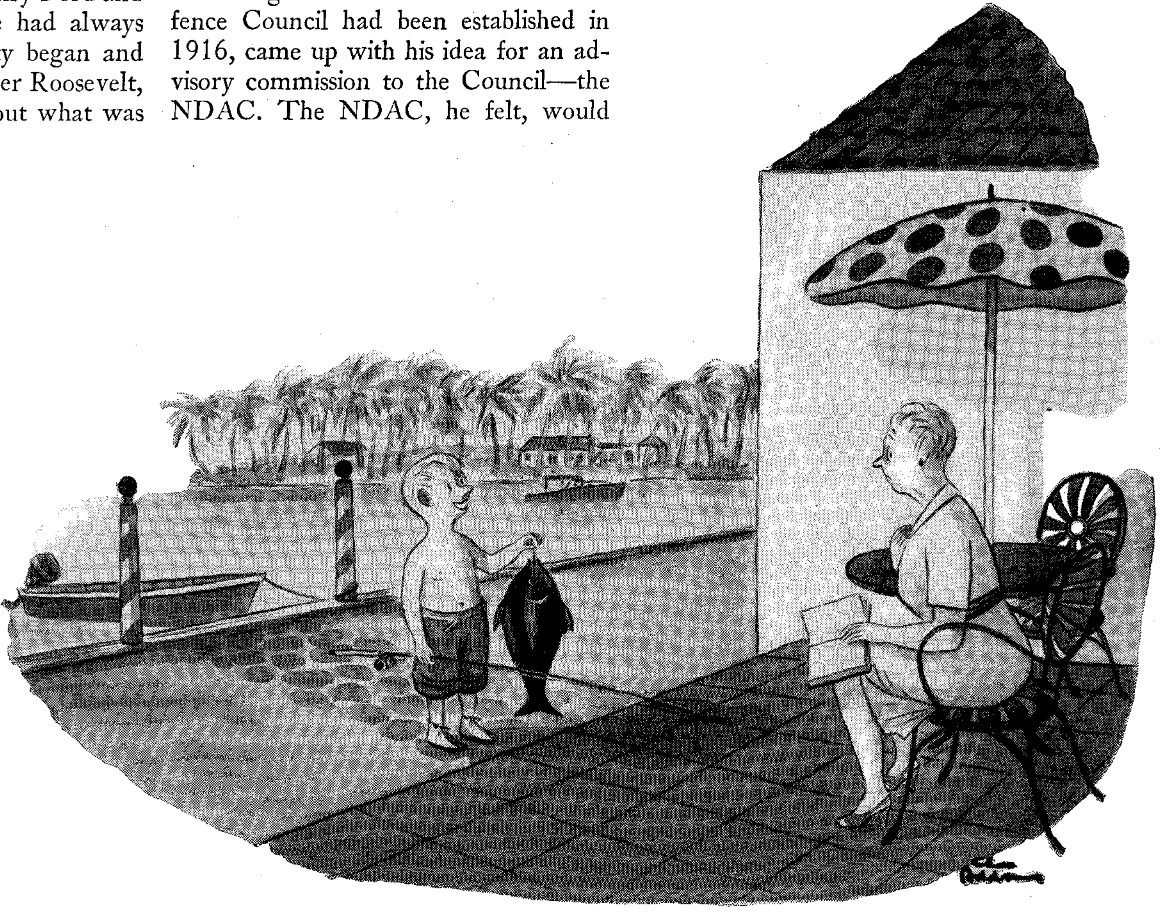
AS things turned out, Roosevelt was unmistakably the boss. When the creation of the board was formally announced to the country on May 28th, under the unhandy name of the Advisory Commission to the Council of National Defence, it had seven members but no chairman. Knudsen, in charge of industrial production, and Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., former chairman of the board of U. S. Steel, who was put in charge of industrial materials, were the only two who were asked to drop everything else and make the commission a full-time job. Among the other members were Sidney Hillman, vice-president of the C.I.O., and Leon Henderson, a commissioner of the SEC. All of them were to receive the mythical salary of a dollar a year. There were to be three meetings a week, one of them at the White House, where the board would report personally to the President, who was in effect the chairman. Whether or not Knudsen was disappointed at not being made head of the commission, he was unquestionably puzzled about what his exact duties were. The NDAC, as the commission was called, supposedly possessed the legal right only to "advise" the procurement officers of the Army and Navy, yet Roosevelt assured Knudsen that his work would be more than merely advisory. Knudsen would have a direct line to the White House and could get the President's backing on all his recommendations, assuming the President agreed with him. For Knudsen, this arrangement was something new. He had spent most of his life as a sort of super "straw boss," the man at the plant who acts for the boss in the front office, first under Henry Ford and later under Sloan, but he had always known where his authority began and ended. As a straw boss under Roosevelt, he could not quite figure out what was expected of him.

The vague character of Knudsen's job and of the whole NDAC reflected Roosevelt's state of mind as he felt his way over difficult ground. This was his second try within a year at setting up a defence organization, and it was followed a half year later by still a third try, the current Office of Production Management, or OPM. Ever since 1916 there had been an active Council of National Defence, comprised of all the Cabinet members except the Secretaries of State and the Treasury, the Postmaster General, and the Attorney General, but this body simply duplicated, as far as it went, the Cabinet, and Roosevelt apparently felt, during the days of crisis in 1939, that a supplementary commission was needed. In August, he appointed a temporary War Resources Board, headed by Stettinius, to report on the problem of coördinating the industrial resources of the nation for defence. The report favored a highly centralized defence board, headed by a business leader with great powers. Roosevelt's New Deal advisers objected to any such drastic transfer of authority to business interests and held that it would undo the entire work of the New Deal. Roosevelt allowed the Board to be forgotten and pigeonholed the report, though he later recalled Stettinius to serve on the NDAC.

In the panicky month of May, 1940, many people suggested that the President invoke the M-Day Plan of Industrial Mobilization, which by law takes effect the day the United States goes to war. Aside from recognizing the difficulty of using this plan when the country was not at war, Roosevelt appeared to realize that businessmen would not quietly accept in peacetime semi-dictatorial control imposed on them by the New Dealers. Plainly, some new defence organization was required, so Roosevelt, consulting the law under which the Defence Council had been established in 1916, came up with his idea for an advisory commission to the Council—the NDAC. The NDAC, he felt, would be an adroit compromise between those who wanted business to take over government and those who wanted government to take over business. It would put capital, labor, and political leadership under one extremely roomy tent.

As the third-term campaign got under way, Roosevelt, through the NDAC, found himself identified with such respectable business names as Knudsen and Stettinius. Knudsen represented the hope that business and the Roosevelt administration were to work together. In him, Roosevelt had a man who also represented industrial management as distinguished from finance, and Roosevelt wanted precisely such a man. Knudsen was General Motors' production man; he knew the assembly line rather than the stock ticker. Henry Ford called him a "wizard of mass production." Some of the workers of General Motors had another name for him. They called him the Speed-Up King. It was a title he sometimes claimed he didn't deserve, but if the United States defence program needed anything, it needed a speed-up king.

IN Detroit, where automobile men enjoy a kind of Hollywood prominence, Knudsen had managed for many



"This is nothing. You should have seen the one that got Pop!"

"It hasn't changed him much yet, has it?"

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years to stay out of the newspapers and keep quietly to himself. He often spoke of himself as simply a mechanic. Knudsen was inclined to be terse and stern-mannered. He lived among his machine tools and dies, his conveyor lines, his time studies, his blueprints, and his routing sheets. When he had gone to work for General Motors, he was assigned to reorganize the then somewhat obsolete Chevrolet plants in Flint, Michigan. For several years he devoted much of his time to putting up buildings, installing new machinery, laying out assembly lines, and hiring men—all according to a master plan of cost engineering which he understood perfectly but could scarcely have explained. Once he had everything in the plants "tooled up," at a specified moment he gave the word and set the whole system in motion. After that he directed and watched over what engineers call the flow of production. In 1927, Chevrolet production reached a rate of a million cars a year. General Motors held a banquet to celebrate. It was an orgy of self-congratulation, and many of the top officials made speeches. Finally someone, seemingly as an afterthought, called on Knudsen. He got up, flushed, hunched his shoulders, and, waving his hands at the other Chevrolet men, said, "You tell 'em, we make 'em."

An inspired production man, Knudsen contributed greatly to the huge prosperity of General Motors in the twenties. Recognition, however, came rather late. Unlike the Ford company, which remained in the hands of the inventor and producer, the General Motors combine has always been run mainly by financiers and bankers—first W. C. Durant, who began to string the group of motor companies together in 1908, then the du Ponts and Morgans, who threw Durant out and took over in 1920 after a series of stock-market battles. In general, financial men ruled the corporation and hired the technical brains. In 1933, however, they relinquished part of their control to the production and managerial end of the business when they made Knudsen executive vice-president in charge of all automobile and body manufacturing operations. Again, in 1937, they yielded a little when they made Knudsen president. Thereafter the General Motors publicity department, which costs $1,500,000 a year to run, zealously broadcast the Horatio Alger story of the Danish immigrant who had risen from a laborer's bench to the presidency. The roughhewn Knudsen, who not only looked but sounded like a workingman, was converted into a symbol of the corporation with a soul.

Knudsen's background was less humble than that of most foreign workingmen who came here in the big migration of forty years ago. He was born in Copenhagen, March 25, 1879, the son of K. P. Knudsen, a customs inspector, and was named Signius Wilhelm Poul. (While Signius Wilhelm Poul was on his first job in the United States, his name was Americanized by his foreman into William S.) The Knudsens were not well off, for there were nine children; Knudsen, who was the fifth, was put to work when he was a small boy. He was nevertheless able to get a high-school education in Denmark's excellent schools, in which he studied English and German, and graduated with honors in mathematics. When he was sixteen he wanted to go to sea, as two of his older brothers had done, but his father, who knew he had a good head for figures, induced him to study at night at a government technical school. By day he was an apprentice mechanic in a bicycle shop managed by another brother. Knudsen early showed an aptitude for machinery. His earliest mechanical triumph came when he and a friend of his, having read of tandem bicycles in an English magazine, imported some parts and assembled the first tandem ever seen in Denmark, mounted it, and pedalled spectacularly all over Copenhagen.

WHEN Knudsen was nearly twenty-one, early in 1900, he decided to join the rush for America, and set sail with only thirty dollars. He had become by then a master bicycle mechanic, but the first job he got here was as a reamer, at $1.75 a day, in the Seabury shipyards at Morris Heights, in the Bronx. He found lodging at a boarding house on the corner of Eighth Avenue and 152nd Street. Though he knew book English, he could not understand American speech, so in the evenings he used to sit outside on the stoop while the children played in the street, in order to hear them talk. "Children use the simplest, most direct speech in the world," he says, "so I learned English quickly."

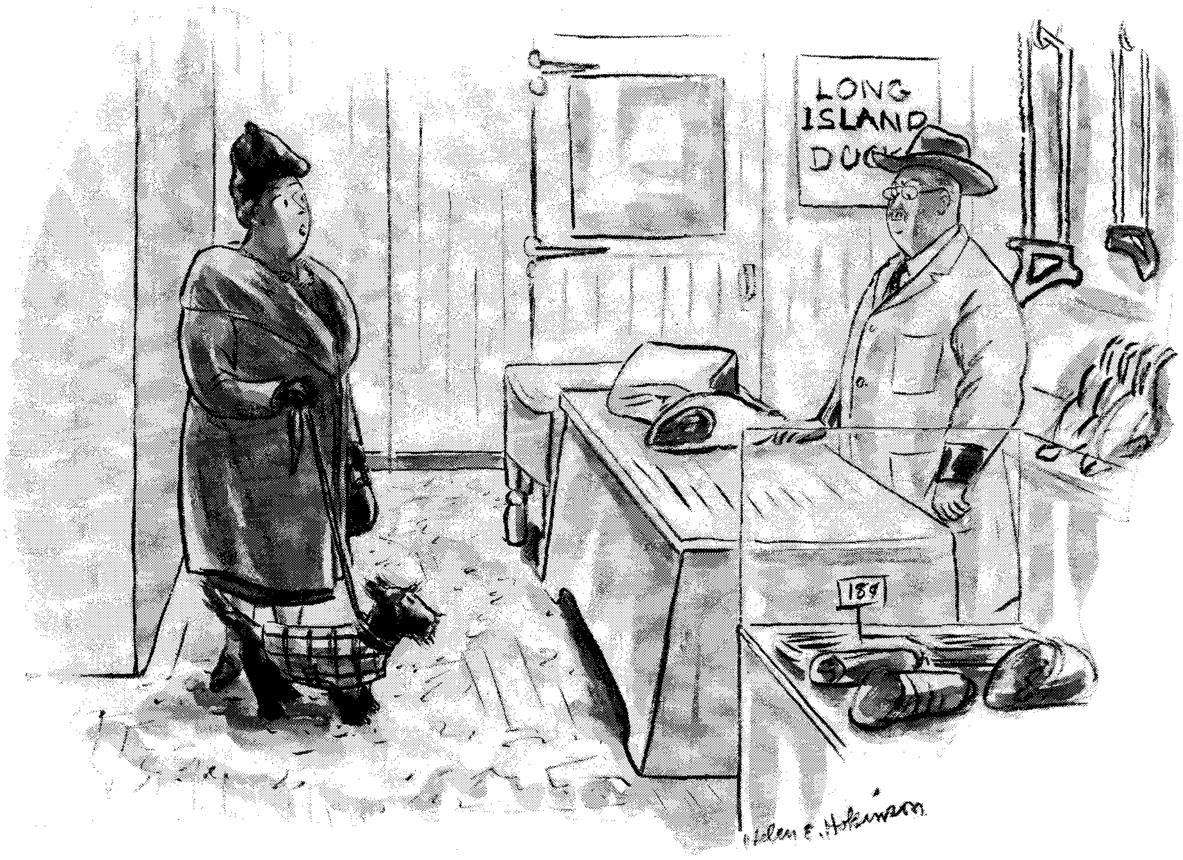
In 1902, he found the job he had been looking for, as a bicycle mechanic with the John R. Keim Mills of Buffalo, manufacturers of bicycle parts. He worked all over the shop. After a year he was made a foreman, soon afterward he became an inspector, and a few years later assistant superintendent, in charge of twelve hundred workers, at a salary of $400 a month. Knudsen believed in driving his people hard but in being fair with them. He was also, as he recalls, "something of a scrapper." While working in the shipyards, he had been forced in self-protection to learn how to box. The head of the Keim Mills had heard that Knudsen liked to fight, and when Knudsen became assistant superintendent he was warned never to raise his hand against a man working under him. Maybe Knudsen could lick any two men at a time, he was told, but he could never lick twelve hundred of them. Knudsen fought only occasionally after that.

Soon the bicycle craze dwindled, but there was an increasing demand for horseless carriages, and the Keim plant began to turn out parts for the growing automobile manufacturers in Detroit. In 1907, Knudsen made a business trip to Detroit. While he was in the office of a customer discussing auto parts, a man in a shabby raincoat, overhearing the conversation, came over to him and introduced himself as Henry Ford. Ford complimented him on his "sensible talk" and gave his factory a large order. Ford was known then as a racing driver and a builder of fast cars. The next year he launched a more conventional machine, his famous Model T, and produced ten thousand, which made him the biggest of the hundred or so automobile manufacturers then going. Soon he was using the entire output of the Keim Mills. In 1912, he bought the company and with it got Knudsen, who was now making $600 a month.

TRANSFERRED to Detroit by Ford, Knudsen learned the theory of mass production and the uncompromising efficiency of the Ford organization. Like the master, Knudsen was a self-taught mechanical engineer. He revealed a keen eye for the time and motion studies which were then being introduced at the Ford plant. Under Ford, each man was assigned a single manual operation which he performed on each car, and the cars under construction were moved from man to man on assembly lines. Knudsen made further refinements and accelerations in the technique. In 1913, he was given the job of building a large assembly plant in Buffalo—the first one ever built outside of Detroit. Between 1913 and 1920, Knudsen built assembly plants for Ford in twenty-seven cities, where identical Model T cars rolled off identical assembly lines. For a while during the first World War, Knudsen built Eagle boats in Ford's River Rouge plant under a contract the company was given by the government. When the war ended, he was in charge of production at the main Ford plant, was Ford's right-hand man, and was getting a salary of $50,000 a year.

In 1920, a year of postwar panic, Ford drastically reorganized his whole business. During the process, he was disturbed by the fact that Knudsen was beginning to get ideas of his own about how the business should be run. Among other things, Knudsen felt that perhaps the time had come to abandon the Model T and experiment with new models. Ford was in no mood for innovations. In March, 1921, Knudsen was fired. He nevertheless still regards Ford with an almost sentimental admiration. Recently he said, "In this world there are, generally speaking, two kinds of men: those who can take things apart and those who know how to put them together. Henry Ford knows how to put things together."

In 1922, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., vice-president in charge of operations of General Motors, which was also being reorganized, hired Knudsen to take charge of the Chevrolet division. The Chevrolet, the company's low-priced car, was trying feebly to compete with the flourishing Ford. Chevrolet was at the time one of several unprofitable divisions in General Motors' mammoth combination of motor companies. The du Ponts had brought new money into General Motors. Sloan had applied an administrative and coördinating ability that helped to weld the cumbersome General Motors enterprises—five automobile companies and about a dozen accessory companies—into one structure. John J. Raskob, then vice-president and chairman of the finance committee, had pushed the installment plan for car sales. But it was Knudsen who directed the



"Sheila has a complaint to make about the last meat you sent, Mr. Gerbler."

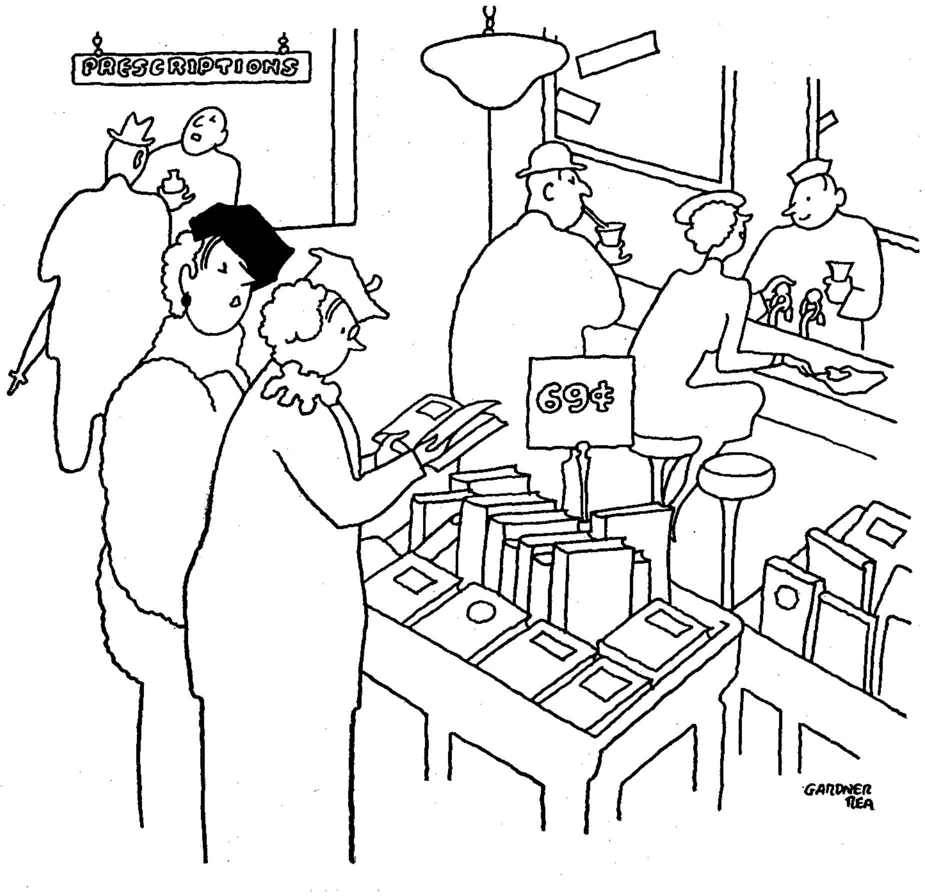
building of the big new plants and the mile-long assembly rooms which were mainly responsible for Chevrolet's success as a car for the masses.

The output of the Chevrolet division in 1921 was 77,000 cars. Two years later it was 480,000 cars, and soon after that Knudsen was made one of the seventeen vice-presidents of General Motors. In 1926, 732,000 Chevrolets were produced, while Ford production declined by 325,000 cars. In 1927, Ford continued to lose business to Chevrolet. The Chevrolet was swifter and quieter than the Model T. Also, it had the standard gearshift and came in several colors, whereas the Model T was still consistently black and had the quaint old Ford shift. That year the Model T was taken out of production. After long delays in retooling, Ford, that same year, began to put out his Model A, a swifter, brightly painted, four-cylinder car with the standard shift. But in the fall of the next year Knudsen achieved another victory over Ford when, after only sixty days of retooling, Chevrolet produced a six-cylinder engine to replace its four-cylinder one and soon outsold Ford again. It was the fastest change-over yet made in the automobile business. As Knudsen explains it today, "While the main plant at Flint was still turning out four-cylinder cars, at a branch factory in another city, in Indiana, I put up an assembly line for six-cylinder engines. When we got ready to manufacture, I picked it up bag and baggage and moved it to Flint. Then I shut off the four-cylinder assembly line and put on the six-cylinder line. It was easy. Anybody could do it."

General Motors stock rose in the market about a thousand per cent between 1923 and 1929. By the thirties, Chevrolet profits, it was estimated, were sixty per cent of General Motors' total, which in good years were as much as $200,000,000. From 1933 on, Knudsen made around $325,000 a year in salaries and bonuses. In addition, he received dividends on about twenty thousand shares of General Motors stock he owned. "Maybe I've been lucky," he sometimes said.

OLD-TIME Ford workers who helped Knudsen build Eagle boats along the River Rouge at Detroit remember him as a big man who would turn out in any weather, wearing hip boots, stomping up and down the ways, and either swearing at his men or bribing them with cash prizes to speed up their work. He would sometimes pick up a rivet gun himself and show the men how to drive the rivets faster. Even after he became president of General Motors, he liked to be out in the shop. He hated paperwork and conferences. Usually he would dispose of a caller in five minutes. All reports and memoranda submitted to him should, he insisted, be boiled down to a page. He disliked buzzers. He would frequently deliver a memorandum to a subordinate in person. In making telephone calls, he would pick up the phone and ask for the number himself. He always wrote his letters in longhand on a sheet of yellow paper; his male secretary transcribed them on the typewriter. "When you write it out yourself, you don't say too much," he explains. He refused to have girl secretaries for fear that he might have to stop swearing. In his office he worked with his hat on, on the theory that it helped him to think better. His desk was usually clear except for the several loose-leaf books filled with charts and field reports he always kept within reach. By flipping a page of one of them, he could see in a moment the rate of sales or of production, or the volume of employment, or the quantity of stock on hand in any of the corporation's hundred and ten manufacturing plants. Most of all, Knudsen liked to visit the General Motors factories or go on the road to find for himself how things were getting on. Once a year he toured one or another of the General Motors sales districts unannounced. He talked over the dealers' affairs with them, and checked on sales and what the customers thought of General Motors cars. Knudsen also trotted about the country making affable speeches before gatherings of dealers and salesmen and at cornerstone ceremonies when new factories were started. In a breezy, democratic style, he would say, "Hello, fellows. My name is Knudsen. I am the president of General Motors. Like you, I started right where you are!"

When Knudsen presided at General Motors conferences, he occasionally irritated or dazed his colleagues by his unorthodox behavior. When the company was planning to enlarge the Chevrolet engine from four to six cylinders, a group of Chevrolet officials arrived at his office prepared to argue every point. Knudsen listened a few minutes, then stood up and said, "Gentlemen, we make a six," and walked rapidly out of his office. On another occasion, a council of technical experts and officials sat debating interminably over a model of a new steering wheel for the Chevrolet. Should it have grooves in it to facilitate gripping or should it not? Finally, Knudsen picked up the wheel and held a whispered consultation with



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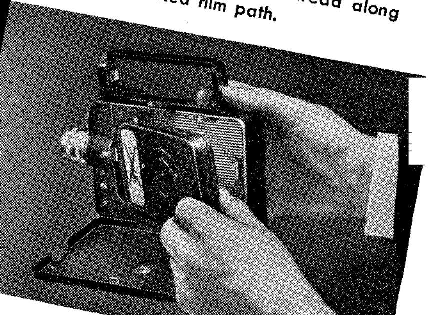

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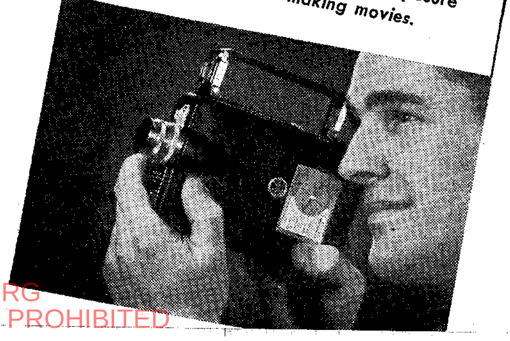

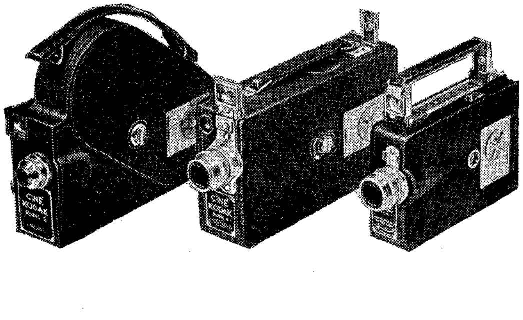

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—Atkinson, Times
Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
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A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
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Book by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS and HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL—GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT—JUNE HAVOC
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—Life Magazine
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 31

each man at the table. Then he returned to his chair and said, "Gentlemen, we have grooves."

At home in Detroit, Knudsen was very much the mellow family man. His wife, whom he married in 1911, was Clara Elizabeth Euler, a Buffalo girl. They have four children, three of them girls. The Knudsens lived in a comfortable brick house in the fashionable Palmer Woods section of Detroit. Evenings, Knudsen liked to read for hours from a sort of five-foot bookshelf of his own—Voltaire, Aristotle, Kipling, Chesterton, and Mark Twain. There was frequently music in the Knudsen home, which has a music room containing a piano, an accordion, and a xylophone. Knudsen plays all three fairly well. He is best on the xylophone, on which he usually performs strenuous marches, like "The Stars and Stripes Forever." He enjoys large parties and dancing. At the big annual affairs which General Motors holds for the office staff in Detroit, Knudsen, when he became president, used to show up in tails, with his whole family, and danced continuously. His two oldest daughters are now married to young Middle Western businessmen. The youngest graduated last year from Bryn Mawr. His son, Semon, went to M.I.T. and was then put on a difficult, trouble-shooting job in the Pontiac shops of General Motors.

THE depression was at its worst when, in 1933, Knudsen, then executive vice-president and the operating head of General Motors, began to make himself felt in matters of company policy. The early nineteen-thirties, with their shutdowns, bank holidays, strikes, soup lines, and political reforms, were, Knudsen has said, an education for him. In his long career as a production man he had not given much thought to the social and economic questions that were now becoming more urgent in Detroit, the country's centre of mass production. He began to worry about these problems and to make public statements —unpredictable and occasionally inconsistent remarks which sometimes had the New York headquarters of General Motors in a dither. A certain friction developed between the financial control in New York and the men who actually ran the plants, particularly Knudsen, on such matters as the company's relations with the public, its attitude toward the New Deal, and its labor policy.

Toward the end of Roosevelt's first year in the White House, in January, 1934, Sloan, in New York, made some rather sour public comments on the experiments that had been undertaken by the New Deal. Knudsen, in Detroit, spoke of the impressive recovery in the motor business and the "splendid leadership and wonderful spirit of hope" contributed by Roosevelt. The General Motors men in New York thought Knudsen was talking wildly. When the NRA program was getting under way, Knudsen declared himself ready to cooperate fully with its price and labor codes. Although Knudsen pictured himself as a liberal on questions of labor, some people were skeptical. In February, 1937, a United States Senate committee, headed by Senator Robert M. La Follette, Jr., showed that between the first of January, 1934, and the end of July, 1936, Knudsen had sanctioned the expenditure of $994,000 for detective agencies and labor spies to keep him informed on what was happening in his plants.

At times, usually in speeches before business gatherings, Knudsen veered to contemptuous criticism of the New Deal. He resented the inclination of government officials who had never worked in a factory to tell him what to do. In October, 1939, during an antitrust suit brought against General Motors by the Department of Justice—a suit which the government won in part and which is now being appealed—he was put on the witness stand and went through a long cross-examination by a young United States Attorney. After answering a number of questions which seemed to exasperate him, he turned on the lawyer and said, so loudly the whole court heard him, "I will see you later!" At recess, Knudsen found the attorney in the corridor of the courthouse, gripped him by the coat lapels, and said, "Young man, this morning you asked me how much I make now. I make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. When I was your age, I made fifteen hundred dollars. That is where you are today!"

During the thirties, General Motors had a series of strikes, which reached a climax in the historic forty-four-day sitdown of 1936 and 1937. After the organizing drive of the C.I.O. United Automobile Workers union began, under the guidance of John L. Lewis, Knudsen followed a policy set by Sloan of not recognizing or dealing with any national union officer, holding that workers' grievances were local questions and must be dealt with individually at each plant, as they came up. He also, in a public speech, denied what he called

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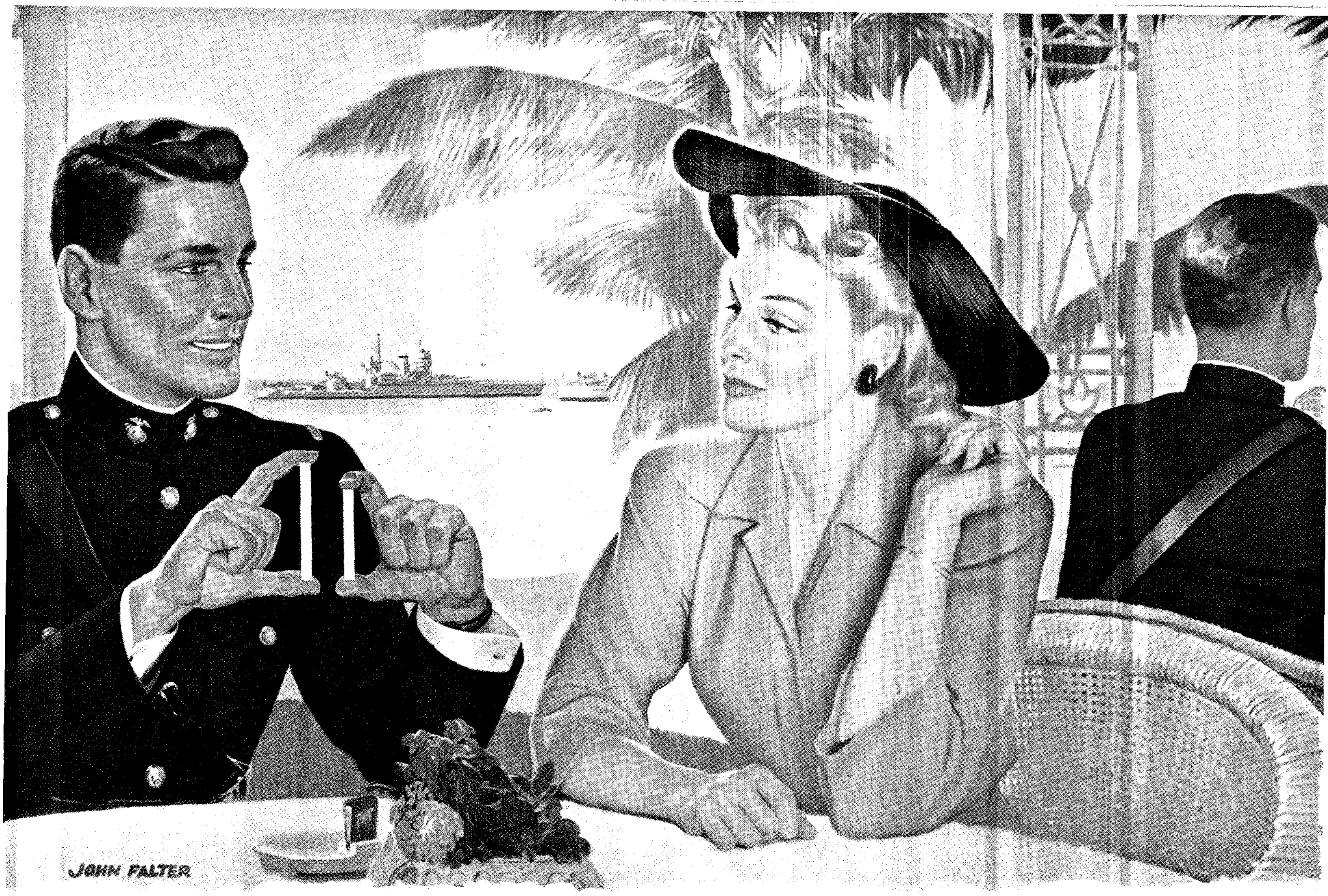
JOHN FALTER

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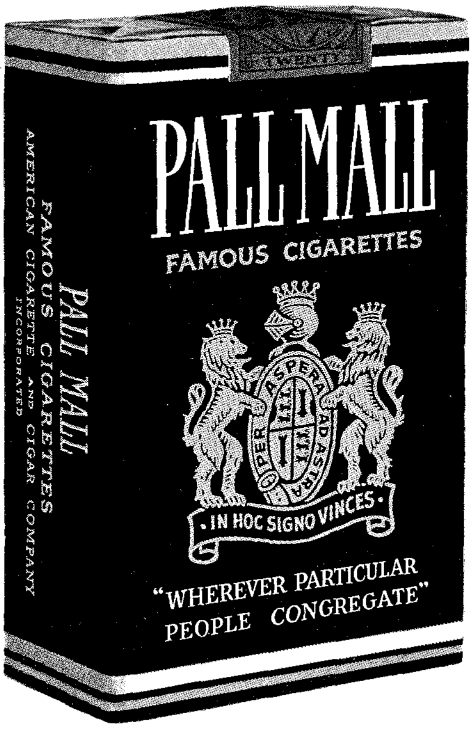
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
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MY SISTER EILEEN
THE RIOTOUS LAUGH HIT
by JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED. & SAT., 2:40

"vague claims of speed-up and killing pace." On December 30, 1936, thousands of men who disagreed with him picketed and sat down at three General Motors plants, and the machines stopped running.

To Knudsen, the sudden inactivity of his big factories, with the union men in possession of most of them, was a catastrophe. He was unable to reconcile himself to silent, motionless machines. He told friends that the greatest wrong labor had done was to stop production. What he longed for was "to get the wheels turning again." Some of his friends have said that he seemed to age several years during the strike. He and Sloan tried to encourage the organizing of a company union, and this made feeling run even higher among the strikers. Knudsen, for the first time in his life, took to entering the General Motors headquarters in Detroit by a basement door.

From the start of the controversy, President Roosevelt, fearing that the strike might have nationwide consequences, had been secretly intervening through Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan and Secretary of Labor Perkins. Toward the end of January he directed them to call a meeting in Washington between the leaders of both sides. At the last moment, Sloan, who had come to Washington with Knudsen, balked at sitting down with Lewis. He left Washington suddenly, leaving Knudsen in charge of negotiations for General Motors, which accomplished little.

At the beginning of February, in Detroit, Knudsen and Lewis were brought together for further conferences by Governor Murphy, who made hour-by-hour reports by phone to Roosevelt. At these meetings, General Motors' vice-presidents Donaldson Brown and John Thomas Smith, who was also corporation counsel, never let Knudsen out of their sight and kept in close touch with Sloan, who remained in New York. The real issue was the demand of Lewis and his men for recognition of the C.I.O. union. In the press it was reported that Knudsen seemed eager to settle the strike but found "his hands were tied" by the New York office. Finally, on February 11th, when both sides had had enough, the order came from New York to settle. In a compromise, General Motors informally recognized the union. At two o'clock in the morning, Knudsen walked out of the last conference smiling and said, "Let us have peace and make automobiles." Three months later, the General Motors directorate recognized Knudsen's usefulness in dealing with

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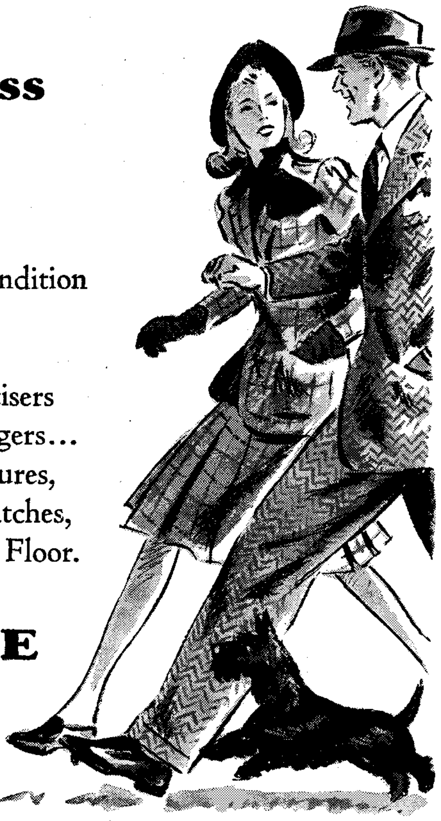

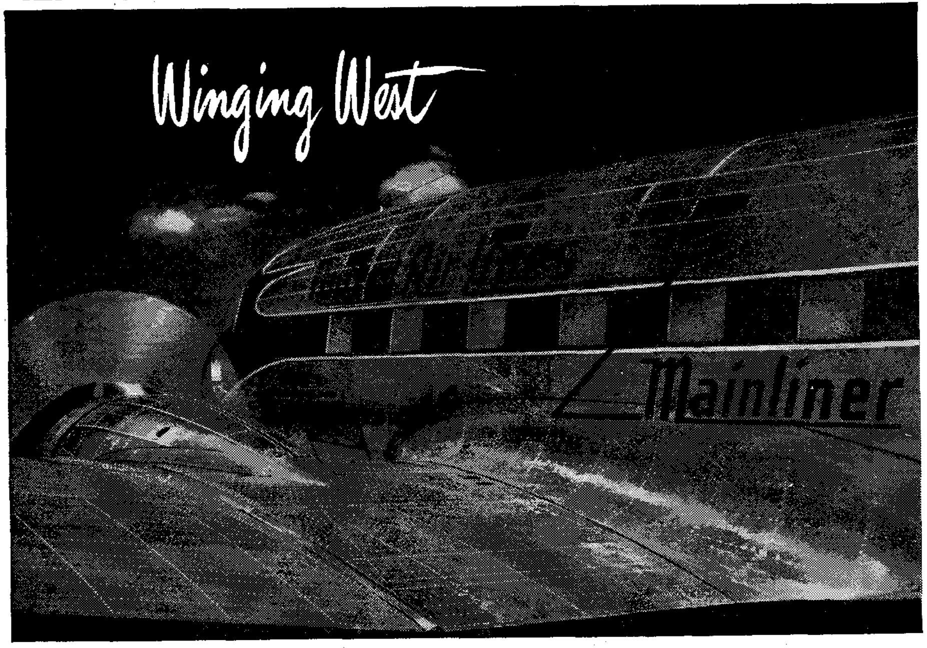

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disturbed labor conditions by electing him president. At the same time, Sloan, who had been president, was made chairman of the board. "Mr. Sloan talks the language of finance, Knudsen talks the language of the workingman," commented one of the General Motors officials. Sloan could now run things from a little farther off in the wings.

KNUDSEN, president of General Motors at the age of fifty-eight, turned over more and more of the details of production to his assistants. He became a public figure and gradually learned to enjoy being one. He travelled about a good deal on inspection and speaking trips, often accompanied by a public-relations man to help him strike the right tone in his public utterances. One of his trips, in September, 1938, took him to Germany, where General Motors' $35,000,000 Adam Opel plant had been taken over, ostensibly as a temporary measure, by the Nazis. During Knudsen's stay in Germany, the Munich Pact was signed. On his return to America in October, he was quoted in an interview as speaking with considerable enthusiasm about the Nazi regime. As a production man without much interest in politics, he saw Germany in terms of its industrial efficiency. Reviewing the period of Hitler's reign, he said, "The economic improvement in the last five years has been staggering. The lift in popular confidence in Germany constitutes the miracle of the twentieth century," and added that he was "not necessarily in sympathy" with Nazi politics.

Up to the invasion of Poland, it was not uncommon for American industrialists who had property in Germany to treat the Nazis with diplomatic tolerance. On his visit to Germany, Knudsen accepted an invitation to Göring's country estate. Knudsen found the General an attractive host. "Göring was very nice to me; he talked with me just like a human being," Knudsen said wonderingly to one of his friends shortly after he returned to America. That was two years before Göring sent his bombers over London and Coventry. It was a year and a half before the Nazis crawled out of their barges in Copenhagen.

—MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

(*This is the first of a series of articles on Mr. Knudsen.*)

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the News*]

STRAPHANGING, PROPERLY DONE,
AID TO POSTURE, SAYS EXPERT

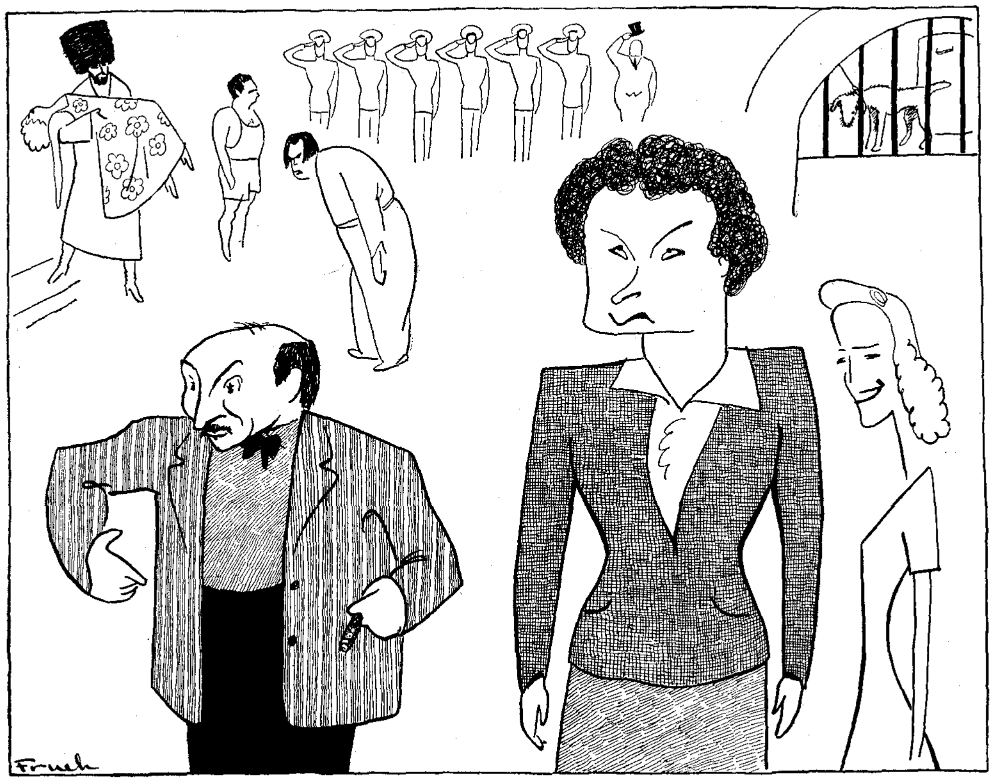
THE THEATRE

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE OPERATING TABLE

APPARENTLY there are just two ways the politically conscious playwright can approach the problems of our time. The first is by direct representation, with the plainly labelled forces of liberty and oppression grappling openly on the stage; the second is by a more remote and subtle method which shows us only the repercussions of the distant struggle and characters no more than dimly aware that they are actually part of some universal conflict. The trouble with the first is that up to now it has almost always resolved itself into a much too simple arrangement in black and white (I except Mr. Sherwood's "There Shall Be No Night," though with some hesitation), and also it has a way of attracting writers of considerably more enthusiasm than finesse. The trouble with the second is that the parallels between the world's dilemma and the one existing in somebody's drawing room are apt to be a little arbitrary and difficult, and there is always the danger that dramatic movement will be sacrificed to intelligent and stately conversation. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the second is usually more effective, and of its practitioners I am inclined to think that S. N. Behrman is the most accomplished. His new play called "The Talley Method," while not perhaps quite as satisfactory as some of his frivolous old jobs like "Serena Blandish" and "Biography," still strikes me as the most interesting thing he has done since he was first persuaded that entertainment alone is not enough.

"The Talley Method" concerns a fashionable New York surgeon, a widower, who is an almost perfect symbol of enlightened dictatorship. Not only is he remarkably kind to the patients in his clinic, but also he has the best intentions in the world toward his children, as long as they behave in what he considers a suitable manner. It isn't until his adopted daughter develops a taste for the American Youth Congress and literary refugees, and his son, in addition to announcing that he loathes surgery, proposes to marry a fan-dancer, that the excellent doctor begins to get tough. He doesn't mean to be cruel; he simply has no patience with people who want to live messy lives and he sees no point in trying to treat them like rational human beings. To counteract this point of view, Mr. Behrman has provided Dr. Talley with a fiancée, a poetess almost too adept at identifying herself with suffering humanity and, thanks to her, the cause of freedom enjoys a more or less qualified victory at the end. The refugee, lacking the stamina to cope with the Talley method, is driven to suicide, but the children are saved, presumably to find happiness via uplift and the dance. The poetess breaks off her engagement on the ground that there is too much about Dr. Talley that reminds her of the Third Reich, and so finally he is left alone to meditate on the folly of pushing people around.

As it is in all Mr. Behrman's plays, the argument in "The Talley Method" is scrupulously presented from both sides. It is impossible to deny that the hero frequently behaves in a very highhanded way, but there is clearly a certain amount of excuse for it, since neither of his children gives much evidence of knowing what the hell it's talking about, and even the poetess has moments when she might seem muddleheaded to a far less practical man. In view of the fact that Philip Merivale gives a performance of considerable rugged charm, while the others, not excepting Miss Ina Claire, are somewhat prone to hysteria, it isn't always easy for the audience to be sure its sympathies lie exactly where they belong. Also, I'm afraid there are times when Mr. Behrman is handicapped by his own jewelled and intricate style. The lines are brilliantly turned but it is often hard to believe in them as the speech of human beings under strong emotional pressure. When, for instance, Miss Claire's poetry is casually dismissed by one adolescent as "nostalgia in a vacuum" and Miss Claire herself describes a pathetically ingenuous young crusader as "Jeanne D'Arc without armor," you appreciate



"MY SISTER EILEEN"

Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers have just discovered that their apartment has dynamiters in the cellar, and Morris Carnovsky is trying to figure out why tenants make so much fuss about nothing. The little figures at the top represent a few other problems you're likely to meet in Greenwich Village. The dramatization of Ruth McKenney's stories is at the Biltmore.

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the aptness of both these remarks, but you are also likely to get a brief, disconcerting vision of the author happily polishing them up on his typewriter. The idiom of polite comedy, though always fascinating to listen to, can be distracting in a serious discussion of presumably important matters.

While it seems to me that all these things keep "The Talley Method" from quite being the play it might have been, I still think it is emphatically worth your attention. Mr. Behrman might easily profit from a professional association with Eugene O'Neill (and, of course, vice versa) but within his limits he is a very hard man to beat. You may not be altogether convinced by his current argument, but I'm practically sure you won't be bored.

In addition to Mr. Merivale and Miss Claire, the cast at the Henry Miller includes Ernst Deutsch, Claire Niesen, Dean Harens, and Hiram Sherman. Mr. Sherman, in the peculiar rôle of a man who is devoting his aimless life to taking postgraduate courses at Columbia, hasn't much to do with the rest of the play, but his performance is a delight. The others, however, aren't able to make much out of their rather thankless parts. It seemed too bad, incidentally, that the fan-dancer never turned up. She sounded interesting.

"BROOKLYN BIARRITZ," at the Royale, showed us the beach at Coney Island littered with an amazing collection of rubbish, including two dozen assorted actors. I sat through all three acts, like a bird fascinated by a snake, but I have very little idea what it was all about. The setting by Frederick Fox, however, was quite nice, and I'm sorry that so few people got to see it. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

EXTROVERT

When Julia glances at her watch
her wrist turns on its rhythmic bones
as if her pulse should strive to match
the metronomic monotones.

It is as if in Julia's thoughts
Time's an insect under crystal,
or a target struck with shots
cracking from a pygmy pistol.

She does not know that Time, indeed,
is a dragon eating the sun and moon
in infinite caves of starry dread.
She knows it is late in the afternoon
and time to be dining, soon.
—DILYS BENNETT LAING

THE WILSONS

AUBURN REVISITED

FAIRLIE WILSON sat back in her seat in the car and relaxed happily. In a small suitcase beside Hector, the chauffeur, were some French dessert plates from her summer house at Cottrellton. They were handsome and original, she thought, and she particularly wanted them for her dinner that night, which was to precede a theatre party.

As the car rolled north toward Providence, Fairlie pulled out of her handbag the list on which she had seated her dinner. Merely to read over the names gave her a sense of satisfaction, of success. The Medfords, the Desmonds, the Foltons (all the way to her house from Newport, too!), the Davenports, and that nice Baron Rassen as a wonderful extra man for Mrs. Folsom. As she was taking them all on to the opening of the new revue, such a party should surely receive notice in the *Journal* or the *Bulletin*, or both. So few plays opened in Providence.

The new dining-room table would look lovely, but she'd have to stand over Mary Mullins to be sure she laid the places properly. There'd be time enough for that, and for fixing the flowers, too, she thought, for the clock in the car told her she would be home before three. It wouldn't do to be hurried. She hadn't expected to be home before five, but last night's snow had melted from the concrete of the road, so Hector drove at his usual speed. Sighing contentedly, yet also as an expression of the delicious undercurrent of anticipation that ran through her, she looked out the window at the wintry landscape. Gracious, thought Fairlie, it's *ages* since I felt like this!

Chester and Hilda, she thought, will have to have supper in the playroom; I can't ask Mary Mullins to set the table twice. Chester wouldn't care, for eleven years didn't expect to be included, but Hilda had wanted so much to be allowed to come to the dinner party. "It's the first really swell dinner party you've ever given in this house, Mother," she had said. "I can't see why I can't be there, too. After all, I'm going on seventeen."

Goodness, thought Fairlie, imagine my Hilda going on seventeen! Getting so old and so mature, too. At eighteen I was married to Joe. What will it be like for Hilda?

Not the same, of course. Easier some ways. More money. But something stood between them now—as though Hilda did not really belong to her, as though the girl was judging her sometimes. She had given her daughter all the things that she herself had never had at that age, hadn't she? Advantages, opportunities, and now position. And, oh, Hilda would probably marry into the world that she had had to work her way into—so slowly, it sometimes seemed.

Clutching her sheet of white paper with its precious names upon it, she thought: But I'm there, practically, now. The struggle is over. Almost over. One has still to learn to be there easily, easily. Being there was not yet easy. There was always that dreadful sense of—what? Insecurity? Perhaps. As though one might, for a little slip, a little mistake, be asked to leave. They could ask that now, thought Fairlie savagely and suddenly, sitting up straight and stiff, and I'd just laugh and hang on. I've done it before. I could do it again—though less easily now, with Hilda watching me. But still—she sighed and relaxed, and the sense of well-being flooded her once more—I don't have to. Why worry now? I've got what I went after.

FAIRLIE became aware that they were driving over a dirt road, bumpy and pocked with stony holes. "What road is this, Hector?" she asked.

"Detour by Auburn," he said. "It ain't long. They're taking up them old Cranston trolley tracks."

"Cranston already?" she said. "We've made good time."

"You're telling me," said Hector.

Looking out the window, she could see the rows of simple suburban houses, all alike, all ugly. And all familiar.

The car stopped; just ahead there was a short stretch of road under construction and only one lane was open. Other cars were stopped in front of them, letting a line of oncoming traffic go past. A street sign caught Fairlie's eye. "Linden Drive," it said. Moved by an impulse as compelling as it was sudden and irrational, she called to Hector, "Pull up when you pass the narrow bit, Hector. I want to stop."

The traffic began to move, and Hector, after he had passed the narrow section of road, pulled into the weeds that grew beside a cracked asphalt sidewalk.

"Here?" he said.

"Yes," Fairlie answered. "Wait here a moment. I won't be long." She opened the door quickly and got out. Walking briskly and as though she had a practical purpose, she went back to Linden Drive and walked along it, still briskly, till an unclipped privet hedge hid her from Hector's sight. Then she stopped and looked about her.

Linden Drive was beautifully paved in new concrete and the sidewalk was as new and as neat. Save for three old cottages near the corner, the semicircular drive was bordered by shining, quasi-Colonial clapboarded houses, uniformly white, their roofs covered with varicolored composition shingles. Each house had a wrought-iron knocker on the door, and an ironwork lantern with the house number painted on it hung over the entrance. Beside each house was a two-car garage with cement tracks leading to it over a neat lawn.

"But it's all new. It's all changed," Fairlie said to herself. "All so different. Joe wouldn't recognize it."

Slowly she walked along the curving street till Linden Drive came out again to the road on which, in the distance, she could see her car parked. Hesitating but briefly, she turned and retraced her steps till she came to the three old cottages, their lower gables decorated with fretwork, as like each other as could be except for their color. The middle one was painted green, with a yellow front door and trim.

"That must be it," said Fairlie. "That must be mine. But there used to be twenty of them. They've torn them down. And it's so *small!*"

THE green house was set off from the road by the ragged privet hedge, as were the other two old houses, and in their tiny front yards grew large silver poplars, so large that they made the cottages look like toys. The trees have grown, thought Fairlie, in these sixteen years. As she walked past the entrance gate, she peered eagerly through the gap in the hedge. Not liking to stand and stare, she walked on a few steps, turned, and walked slowly back. This time her curiosity overcame her and she paused by the gate and

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looked at the house. At that moment the front door opened and a pretty and very young woman came rapidly out, letting the door slam to behind her. It was so unexpected that Fairlie didn't move, and the young woman came suddenly face to face with her and stopped and smiled.

"Would you be looking for someone?" the young woman said.

"Oh," said Fairlie, "no, thank you. I was just looking."

"They have no numbers," said the young woman, "though we always *say* we'll paint them on. So people get confused."

"Yes," said Fairlie. "They never did have numbers," and she added, "In my time," and the sound of it made her feel old before this young woman.

"Did you know this house?" the woman asked.

"Yes, oh yes," said Fairlie. "I lived here once." She was going to say, "A long time ago," but she changed her mind and said, "Have you lived here long?"

"Just one year," said the young woman, smiling. "Since I got married."

"This is your first house then?" Fairlie asked, looking her over carefully and intently.

"Yes."

"It was my first, too." She let her eyes go up again to the house and its poplar. "The poplars have grown," she said, "but there used to be lots more. Lots more. There were twenty houses like mine—like yours. When did they tear them down?"

"I don't know," the young woman answered. "It must have been before I came here. I'm new to the place. I come from Bridgeport."

"Do you like Rhode Island?"

"Oh yes," the woman said. "It's wonderful. And I love this house. Though we may not stay here now." She paused and blushed. "It's sort of small, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Fairlie, "but I loved it, too."

"Were you here long?"

"Four years," said Fairlie. "Till after my daughter was born here." Looking closely at her again, Fairlie saw, in spite of the loose overcoat the young woman wore, that she was going to have a baby. "It was too small for me then," she said, and almost involuntarily she added, "And my husband was getting on so fast."

"I see," said the young woman. "Wouldn't you like to look inside?"

"Oh, don't bother," said Fairlie. "You were just going out."

"Just to the grocer's; it's nothing," said the young woman. "I'd like to show you round—you'd like to see it again, I'm sure. My name is Mrs. Lecky, Mrs. John Lecky. Do come in."

"Well," Fairlie said. "Thank you. I would like to look in for just a minute. I'm Mrs. Joseph Wilson."

"Oh," said Mrs. Lecky, "are you the wife of the Mr. Joseph Wilson who's on the Governor's Advisory Committee?"

"Yes," said Fairlie.

"Oh," Mrs. Lecky cried, "I read about him in the *Bulletin*, and there was a photograph just yesterday, too! Imagine! Just think of you and him starting life here in Auburn! And in my house! Do come in." She turned and took the five steps that brought her to the door. Fairlie followed her. As Mrs. Lecky got out her key and opened the door, she continued, "Well, it's a small world, isn't it? I guess this house must be just lucky for people. My John has just been made superintendent at the Auburn Wire, you know? He's that excited, and so am I." She opened the door, went into a tiny, dark hall, and switched on the electric light. "My, the house is a mess! I didn't expect visitors. Not such a distinguished visitor, either." She smiled at Fairlie and picked up a catalogue from a chair and put it on the tiny hall table. "Does it look the same?" she said.

Fairlie glanced about her. "Oh yes," she said. "It all looks just the same, only nicer." Yes, she thought, it's the same, only different. So awfully different from what I remembered. And so small! My God, how did we stand it? Yet—it was happy here, in this *box* of a house. Life had been so simple. Primitive but simple.

"This is the parlor," said Mrs. Lecky, turning on the light in the room on the right of the hallway. "We'd have liked a three-cushion sofa instead of this little one, but there really isn't room, is there?"

"We had a Franklin stove," said Fairlie. "Did they take it out—the chimney, I mean?"

"Oh yes, it's blocked up now. When the radiators aren't working so good it would be nice to have a fire. I'm afraid it's cold here now."

"Oh no, not at all."

"Well, I'm used to it," said Mrs. Lecky. "And I don't see where we'd find room for a Franklin stove, do you?"

"No," Fairlie said. "I guess we had less furniture. Could I see upstairs?"

"Oh, anywhere," said Mrs. Lecky, and then she giggled. "Anywhere sounds

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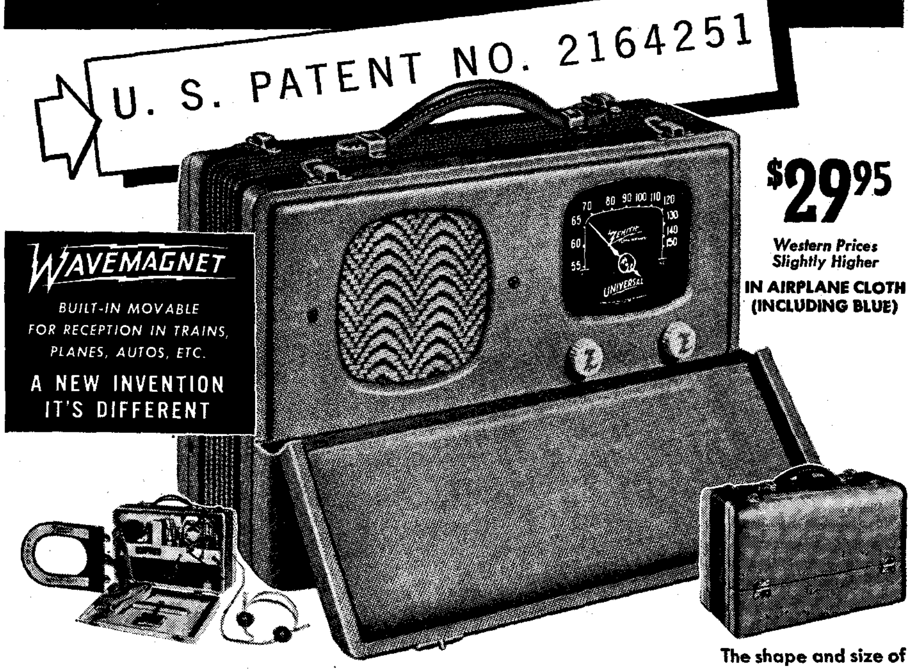
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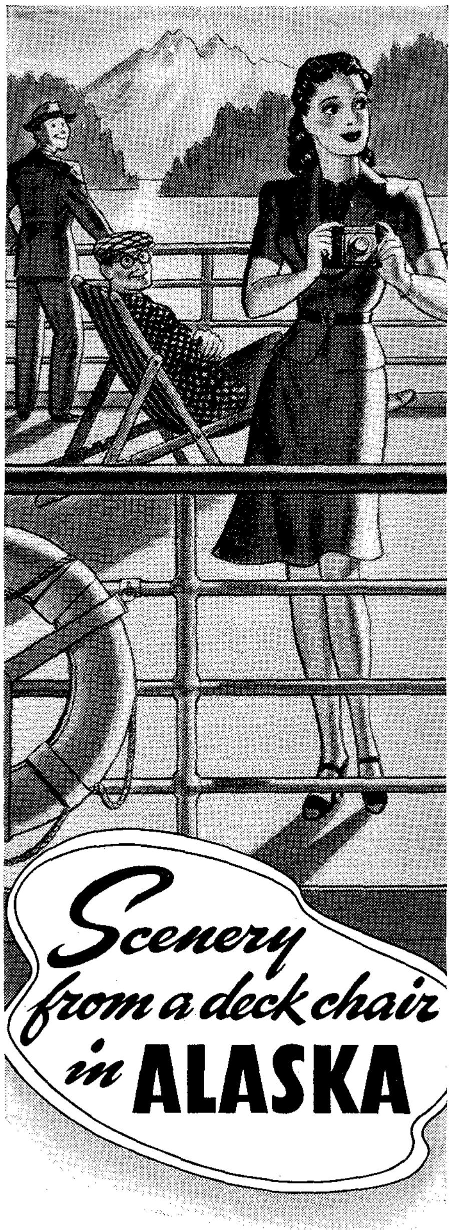
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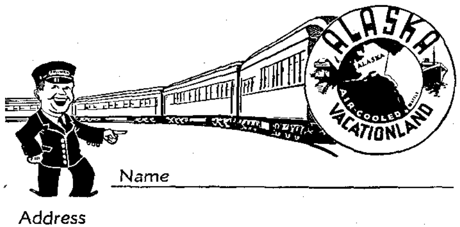


Name
Address
City State

so big, doesn't it? There's just the kitchen and the bath and the bedroom, and that's all."

Together they went upstairs and looked at the bedroom with its double bed, its few cheap pieces of furniture. Here, thought Fairlie, Hilda was born. Here. Here. Ages and ages ago. In another world. With Joe coming in and sitting silently at the side of your bed, silently and wonderfully there. And the child beside you, so tiny, all yours. Nothing between you. Nothing. No one to knock on a door and say, "May I come in, Madam?"—just Joe, coming in, not knocking. Simple Joe, good Joe, telling of the new place won in the bank, cashier now, and reaching out his hand to the baby. And then the new house found, the bigger house, a woman to help there—and the day of leaving here. Joe, you, the baby to go, and the few bits and pieces of furniture carted around to look so utterly inadequate in the new house, the bigger, emptier house, the exciting house—gone now. It was all gone.

"Was your daughter born here, in this room?" Mrs. Lecky asked softly.

"Yes," said Fairlie, and she turned away from Mrs. Lecky, took out her handkerchief from her bag, and dabbed her eyes and blew her nose and then powdered it.

"Not in a hospital, then?"

"No," said Fairlie. "Right here. Right in here." She turned back to Mrs. Lecky. "You say you must leave here?"

"Yes, and we've got more means now," Mrs. Lecky said. "We've found a lovely house, ever so much bigger."

"Yet you like this one, don't you?"

"Oh yes," said the young woman. "We've been so happy here."

"Stay as long as you can," said Fairlie. "Stay here till you *have* to move. It's so different in a bigger house, so awfully different."

"You live on the East Side in Providence now, don't you, Mrs. Wilson? I saw the address in the piece about Mr. Wilson."

"Yes," said Fairlie.

"Oh, that must be wonderful!" said Mrs. Lecky. "I wonder if we ever will?"

The remark made Fairlie feel uncomfortable, at a loss. "I must go," she said. "You've been very kind to let me in." She turned and walked down the short flight of stairs, followed by Mrs. Lecky. Fairlie went to the door and opened it. "Goodbye," she said, "and thank you, and good luck."

"Goodbye!" Mrs. Lecky called out. "Come again any time you want to. Any time. As long as we're here, you'll be welcome. My John is going to be that excited when he hears Mr. Wilson's wife was here before us! It ought to bring us luck, too. Goodbye!" The young woman stood in the little yellow doorway and waved till Fairlie had passed out of sight behind the hedge and started back toward the car.

I should ask her to the house, thought Fairlie; she'd be thrilled. But that sort of thing was so difficult to do. It was the sort of thing she had seen the famous Mrs. Green, who ran Providence society, do in her stride. Fairlie stopped, hesitated, almost turned. She heard the door slam.

Fairlie walked on to her car then, swiftly, almost not thinking, trying hard not to think about all this yet. Later would do. She opened the door and got in. "All right, Hector," she said.

Hector started the car and they resumed their drive home.

"Did you get what you went after?" asked Hector.

Fairlie didn't answer.

"I said did you get what you went after, Madam?" Hector said.

"Yes. Oh yes," said Fairlie. Inside herself she knew that it wasn't so, but avoiding the thought, she began to wonder if Mrs. Lecky would see the notice in the *Bulletin* that might read, "Mrs. Wilson Entertains." There wasn't as much pleasure in the thought as there should have been. Deliberately she began to plan how she would arrange her table, but the delicious sense of anticipation she'd had earlier didn't return.

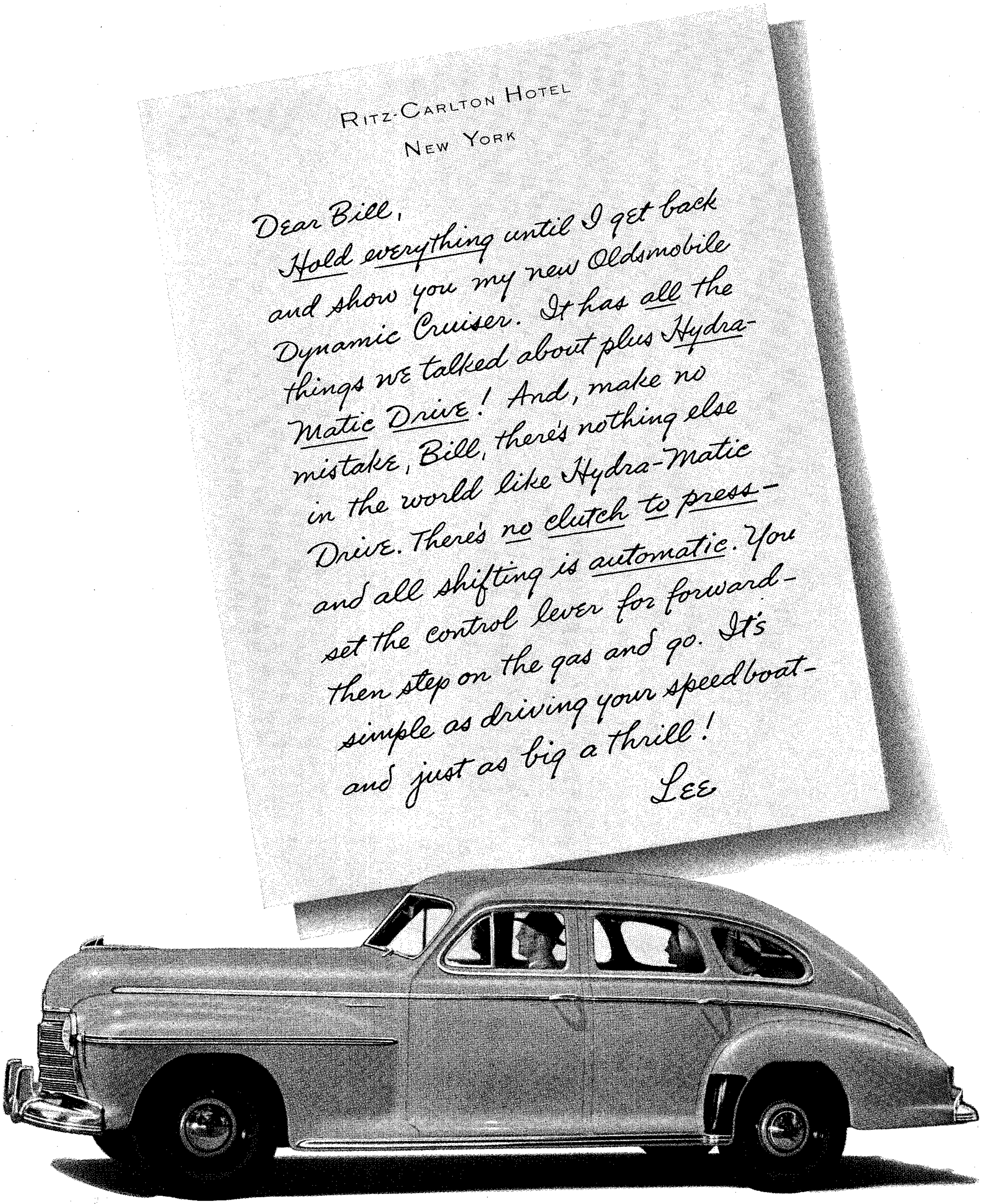
—CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

•

Earlier in the day the sandhogs had threatened to throw a picket line around City Hall unless the Mayor intervened in the dispute, and declared they would see to it no tunnel was built unless the dispute was settled.

They said that unless the dispute is settled they would see to it that "there would be no tunnel built."—*The Post.*

Won't build the tunnel, eh?



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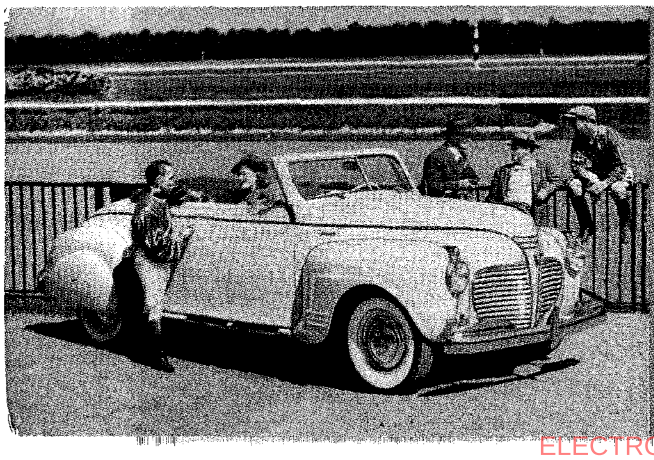
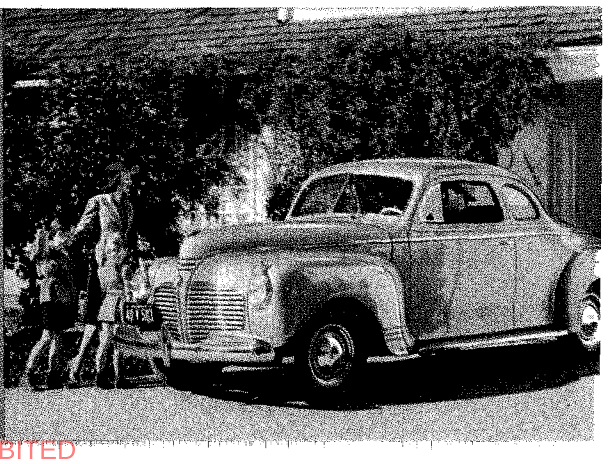


PLYMOUTH'S NEW SPECIAL DE LUXE 4-PASSENGER COUPE (below) gives you the distinguished fittings and tailoring you might expect only in higher-priced cars. The auxiliary rear seats fold out of the way when not in use.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

TALLYHO!

AMONG the things I do not ordinarily do on wintry Sunday afternoons is to take long walks. The other weekend I broke this tradition rather violently by taking a walk fourteen miles long with a group of Long Islanders who spend their Sunday afternoons following an over-conscientious pack of beagles. We covered this distance, a little more than half the length of a marathon race, over an area replete with obstacles, and for several days afterward I had difficulty walking at all, even on a Persian rug.

I was introduced to beagling by an agile friend of mine who is known in beagling circles as Brownie. She is a member of the Buckram Beagles, an organization which has kennels at Brookville, Long Island, containing thirty hunting beagles and, at the moment, eighteen puppies, who are being trained to devote most of the rest of their lives to the demolition of jack rabbits. There are twenty-six packs of beagles in this country, and four of them, including the Buckram Beagles, are run on a joint-ownership basis. It costs about $4,500 a year to maintain the Buckram pack, and the organization's forty members, most of whom are Long Islanders, pay annual dues of $50 each. Additional income is provided by eighty-five "subscribing" members, who are not permitted to vote at meetings but, for $15 apiece or $30 a family, are entitled to run their legs off every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon from October 1st to April 1st. Beagling is too strenuous a sport to be carried on under a hot summer sun, and even on cool August and September days it might inflict serious damage on crops growing in fields that happen to lie in its path. On Wednesdays, only a handful of women, children, and gentlemen of leisure go beagling; on Sundays, there is usually a group of from fifty to a hundred, ranging in age from children of eleven to venerable sportsmen and women whose stamina is equal to that of any rabbit. The Buckram group have been doing this sort of thing since 1934 and never miss a Sunday, being as determined to fulfill their schedules as a college football team. To avoid monotony, these beaglers change their hunting grounds almost every Sunday. In seven years they have run over most of the big Long Island estates, some of them belonging to members and some to friends. Once, last winter, desiring a change, they persuaded T.W.A. to lend them a couple of large airplanes and flew from LaGuardia Field to Camden, New Jersey, for an afternoon's outing, ferrying the beagles in a forward compartment. The trip over was rough and many of the members, on alighting, were green; the hounds appeared to enjoy the excursion and frisked around the New Jersey countryside just as if it had been Old Westbury.

Brownie began some time back to urge me to go beagling with her, pointing out that there is really nothing like fresh air. She is as avid a beagler as you could ask for; last winter, while recovering from a broken foot, she hobbled out every Sunday and managed somehow to participate in the chase. She is not bothered by the sight of a lot of dogs killing a rabbit, and once told me cheerfully that after the beagles have eaten their prey, which they do with gusto, they look "like the grooms in 'Macbeth.'" Brownie is a literary girl and, when not beagling, writes books for children in which there are quite a few sentimental references to rabbits, which she is apt to describe as "soft, cuddly bunnies." On her desk she keeps a pad, or hind foot, of a jack rabbit; the foot has been mounted by a taxidermist on a small wooden plaque. The beagles of which she is part owner have eaten rabbits in rose gardens, hothouses, swimming pools, and tennis courts, and they eat so thoroughly that pads, or masks (heads), can be salvaged only if one of the leaders of the hunt grabs the rabbit away from the hounds. Beaglers are as fond of masks and pads as other hunters are of moose heads. One member of the Buckram group, an acquisitive girl who went to England two years ago to romp

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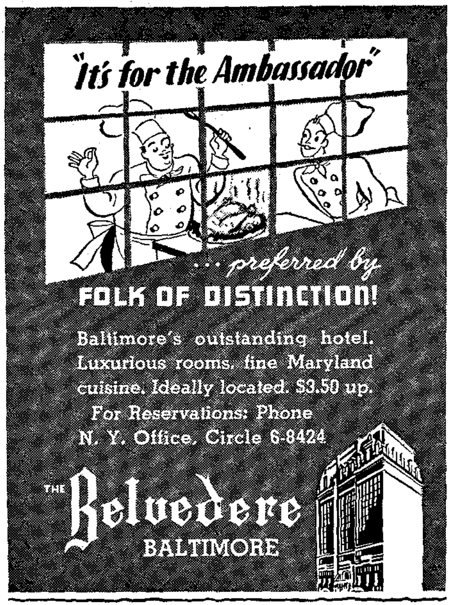
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with various beagle packs, returned with a dozen masks, which she has scattered around her house like ashtrays.

BEFORE going beagling, I decided to acquaint myself slightly with some of the terms of the sport and borrowed a book from Brownie entitled "The Art of Beagling," by J. Otho Paget, an Englishman. I found out, first of all, that it is improper to refer to a beagle in action as a dog; whatever the sex, a beagle is a hound. To confuse things further, all jack rabbits—synonymous with hares—are known as "she." The followers of the hounds are called the field. The men who control the hunt are the Master, the whips, and the huntsman. The Buckram Beagles have two Masters, who have dictatorial authority over both hounds and field. The whips keep the pack from wandering off irrelevantly during hunts and keep the field from getting too close to the hounds. When the field is ordered to halt during a run, the pause is known as a check. The huntsman, customarily a professional, is on more intimate terms with the pack than anyone else; he feeds them, grooms them, nurses them, and can recognize them all. According to Paget, the choice of a competent huntsman is as difficult to make as the choice of a competent wife; according to one member of the Buckram Beagles I queried on this subject, Paget is guilty of understatement. "Huntsmen are created by God," he said. When a beagle uses his vocal chords, I learned from the book, he does not bark; he gives tongue, or he opens. A statement like "Chieftain didn't hark to Destiny when he opened" makes perfect sense to an experienced beagler; it means simply that a hound named Destiny cried out upon scenting a rabbit, and that another hound named Chieftain neglected to help Destiny track down the prey. A beagle, also, never wags his tail; he feathers his stern.

ON a recent Sunday, I met Brownie around noon and we had a hunt breakfast at Schrafft's. I brought along another friend of Brownie's named Woodward—who had never beagled before, either—on the theory that if I dropped far behind the field, he would probably be there to keep me company. It was a cold, cloudy day, and although it looked as if the weather might improve, I remembered a warning I had read in Paget's book: "Never mind how fine the morning, always be prepared for the worst." Woodward and I were both prepared; we each had two sweaters on and two pairs of the heaviest woollen socks we could find. Brownie was wearing a baggy corduroy outfit and knee-high gaiters, which, she explained to us, were useful when you encountered thorns or brambles. After breakfast we drove out to Brookville, where the field had been instructed to assemble at the gate of an estate belonging to Guy Cary, a Long Island sportsman but a non-beagler. It took us an hour to get there and by the time we arrived most of the field had gathered. There were around seventy-five beaglers, dressed in old, functional clothes: tweedy trousers and skirts, knickerbockers, sweaters and leather jackets, heavy stockings, riding breeches, and the like. A few of the older people carried canes. Most of the crowd were the kind you see at horse shows. Brownie introduced Woodward and me to the Co-Masters of the hunt, Morgan Wing, Jr., a young banker, and John C. Baker, Jr., a young insurance adjuster. Both of them were wearing dark-green hunting coats, stocks, white corduroy trousers, and black sneakers. Wing had on a black velvet cap with a ribbon at its back tied in a bowknot; Baker had on an ordinary checked cap. There were five other men in similar livery who, Brownie told me, were the huntsman and the whips. All five carried whips, and the huntsman, the only professional among them, also carried a small-size hunting horn.

A couple of minutes after we got to the gate, a station wagon with a screened rear compartment and with "Buckram Beagles" neatly lettered on one door drew up. When its back was opened twenty-odd dogs spilled out and scrambled about excitedly. They had floppy ears and their color was a mixture of black, brown, and white. Brownie told me they were fourteen-and-a-quarter-inch beagles. The height of a beagle is the distance from his shoulder to the ground, and fourteen and a quarter inches is considered desirable because taller hounds with longer legs might run too fast for the average field. While we were discussing the relative speeds of hounds and men (hounds are faster), the huntsman blew a sharp note on his horn and, with the hounds clustered at his heels, started to walk rapidly down a lane leading out of Mr. Cary's estate. The pack went ahead across a highway, through somebody's back yard, and, sniffing industriously, out onto a large, rolling meadow which had a number of jumping fences on it. A girl named Dot, to whom we had been introduced at the gate, told me that the meadow and the jumps belonged to Ambrose Clark

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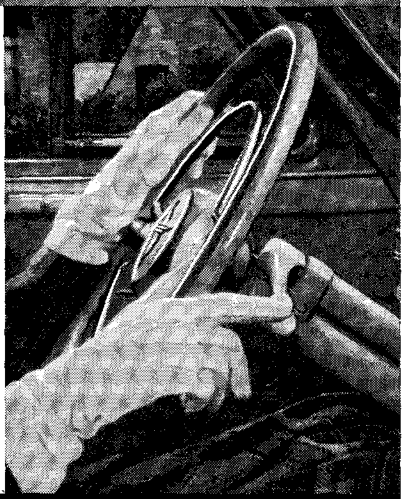

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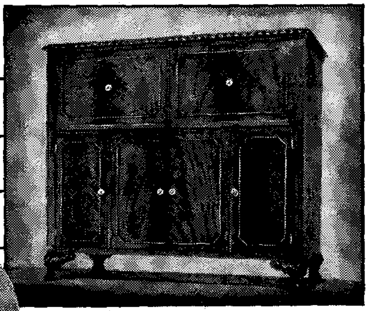

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and that the Meadow Brook Cup Race was held there every year. Dot, a bare-kneed outdoors girl, said, while we ambled along, that she knew more about fox-hunting than beagling. Horses are her favorite animals, and she said that over the weekend she had already shod a couple of them. "What else did you do?" asked Brownie. "Well, I mended a few wagons," said Dot. We walked on down a hill and, at the foot of it, ran up against a clump of barberry bushes. Some of the field detoured around them, but Brownie, Dot, Woodward, and I pushed through, all of us emerging unscathed except Dot, who came out with both knees scratched and bloody. She seemed totally unconcerned about this and refused to accept Woodward's offer of a handkerchief as a bandage. "It's just a healthy glow," she said. After going up a hill, we started across some ploughed land that was muddy and slippery. Mr. Baker asked us to spread out over it. "A hare was seen here yesterday!" he shouted. While spreading, I chatted briefly with William Rochester, one of the whips, who was trying to compute the day's attendance for the group's records and kept looking back to see if anyone had been permanently caught in the barberry bushes. When I left him a moment later, Brownie whispered to me in awed tones, "He is the only man who can crack a whip while he's running."

We went along for an hour, walking, jogging, and climbing over or through fences, while the hounds moped around several yards ahead of us without getting on the trail of a hare or anything else. Brownie told me that this was unusual. On most days the hounds manage fairly quickly to pick up the scent of at least a cottontail, which beaglers regard as unworthy of their attention, except on Wednesdays. There are too few hares on Long Island to satisfy the Buckram Beagles; there are so few, in fact, that the field thinks it can recognize a couple it has chased and failed to catch. A couple of months ago the pack caught up with one that its followers had named Flora, after pursuing her for many cold afternoons. The beaglers had grown fond of her and used to cry "Go it, Flora!" in the heat of a chase. They were all sorry to see Flora killed. "Morgan Wing just cried," Brownie told me.

AFTER covering the first four or five miles, the field was pretty well distributed over the countryside, with five or six hundred yards separating the hounds from the last stragglers. Most of the beaglers travelled in small groups and there were quite a few striding along all by themselves. Brownie explained that one of the advantages of the sport is that if you are in a mood for solitude and don't want to talk to anybody, you don't have to. The majority of beaglers are not that unsocial; they talk to each other like anyone else. There was an extreme instance of sociability not long ago when a male whip and a lady whip, after admiring each other's green coats for several Sundays, got married. The conversations I overheard as we walked along were unromantic. They concerned horses, regiments, gardens, Long Island social activities, drinking, and the war. Two girls who had evidently been down South were chatting about beagling. "I had a *marvellous* time in Virginia," said one. "I hunted with a different pack every day." "It was simply *divine* in Maryland," said the other. "We started to hunt at nine and didn't finish till four in the afternoon."

Brownie told me that the weather was satisfactory for hunting, although our lack of success up to that point didn't indicate it. The ground was damp and the air was cold, a combination that would have produced a rich, clinging scent had there been any hares around. Beagles are supposed to hunt only with their noses; it is regarded as poor form for them to lift their heads at all, and they have been known to lose track of a rabbit when it was in plain sight of the whole field. I was beginning to think we would never meet up with a rabbit when the hounds suddenly gave tongue and lit out for a patch of woods, with the huntsman, the Masters, the whips, and the field scrambling after them. We stopped talking and ran. Somebody gasped out, without changing his stride, that a jack had been viewed on a knoll. We plunged into the woods, where the huntsman was yelling to a hound who had strayed from the pack on some investigation of his own, "Come on, come, come away, come, brave boy!" As we rushed down a path, stumbling over roots of trees, we passed a horseman, who seemed startled and embarrassed by the unexpected traffic. As soon as the hounds had crossed his trail, they began to dash around in aimless circles and Mr. Wing ordered us to check. He said that the horse's scent had undoubtedly crossed the jack's. Mr. Baker went on a short distance by himself, bending over and sniffing intently at the ground, like a beagle. A small boy grabbed a lady by the hand and asked, "Mother, have we lost the bait?" His mother looked pained.

After scouting around for a while,

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the Masters concluded that they *had* lost the bait and prepared gloomily to call it an uneventful day. It was after five and the sky was beginning to darken. We turned back dejectedly and were recrossing Ambrose Clark's meadow when a large rabbit which had been squatting there leaped up and raced down a slope. Half a dozen people screamed "Tallyho!"—which was precisely the word to scream—and stood at attention, with their arms, in proper beagling fashion, stiffly outstretched toward the spot where the jack had first been seen. Woodward, who wanted to be helpful but didn't know the correct manner of expression, shouted, "There goes a rabbit!," and a few people glared at him.

The huntsman blew hard into his horn and the hounds milled around him, feathering their sterns. It took them a few moments to pick up the scent, and then they opened loudly and rushed off in the direction the rabbit had taken. When they got to the bottom of the slope, they scurried, to our amazement, into another patch of woods. We had clearly seen the rabbit head in exactly the opposite direction. The whips, who were as surprised as anyone else, summoned the hounds from the woods by whipping at their heels and calling their names and practically pushed them back on the rabbit's course. "This is more like steering a pack of dogs after a rabbit than being led by the dogs," said Woodward.

The hounds, having retrieved the scent, dashed up a hill and into still another wood. We went right in after them, with a couple of the green-coated men shouting "Hoo!" and "Hoy!" and "Cooee!" and others cautioning us not to get too close. Rabbits frequently run in circles and if the field gets too close are apt to turn and run right through somebody's legs, the whole pack hurtling along behind. I knew from Paget's book that human scent is strong enough to obscure rabbit scent, and I had been told by Brownie that any humans who inadvertently got into the middle of the chase were supposed to stand absolutely still, or, in beagle parlance, to freeze, since scent increases with motion. We froze two or three times in the woods while we watched the rabbit swerve back and forth through the trees, with the hounds sometimes only ten or fifteen feet behind her. When the rabbit resumed running in a fairly straight line, we resumed running too. Now and then the rabbit would obligingly go along a narrow path through the brush, which made it easier for us, but some of the

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beaglers, who felt that single-file progress was too slow, made their own paths, pushing along through the underbrush with one arm held protectingly in front of their faces. (Dot, the girl with the scratched knees, had a solution of her own for making rapid trips through narrow channels. Whenever she thought she was being held up unduly by the people in front of her, she would shout commandingly, "Hold hard! 'Ware hounds!" At that everybody else would freeze and she would blithely slip past, as if she had official business up ahead.) It seemed unlikely that the rabbit would escape, since there were no disturbing horse scents around, but she was saved by a cottontail who crossed her scent and momentarily confused the hounds, most of whom started off after the cottontail. The huntsman blew his horn desperately. "Hold till the hounds get on again!" a whip shouted, and we froze.

AT six-thirty, when the hounds were still trying to get back on, the whips and Masters conferred and decided it was time to quit, although Mr. Baker said hopefully, "If we wait half an hour, we'll have a moon." It was completely dark then, and there was no trace of a moon. Mr. Wing finally announced formally that we would call it a day. "It's getting late and we have a long way to go," he said. "How long?" somebody asked. "Three miles," said Mr. Wing. We left the whips, who were calling the hounds together, and with Mr. Wing leading the way we started to walk back to our cars. Brownie, who was examining a two-inch gash on one knee, said that we had already covered eleven miles and asked me how my legs felt. They felt like lead. Our progress was slow and silent, except when one girl got stuck to a thorny bush and said stoically to her escort, "Yank me loose. Just yank." He pulled; she came loose, rubbed her leg, and limped on. A quarter of a mile from our starting point, a car with a tattered Willkie sticker on its rear window drove up a back road out of the darkness and offered us a lift. Ten of us got in and on it. "I never saw you look better," said Brownie to Woodward as she collapsed on the rear seat. "I never felt worse," said Woodward. I said nothing.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

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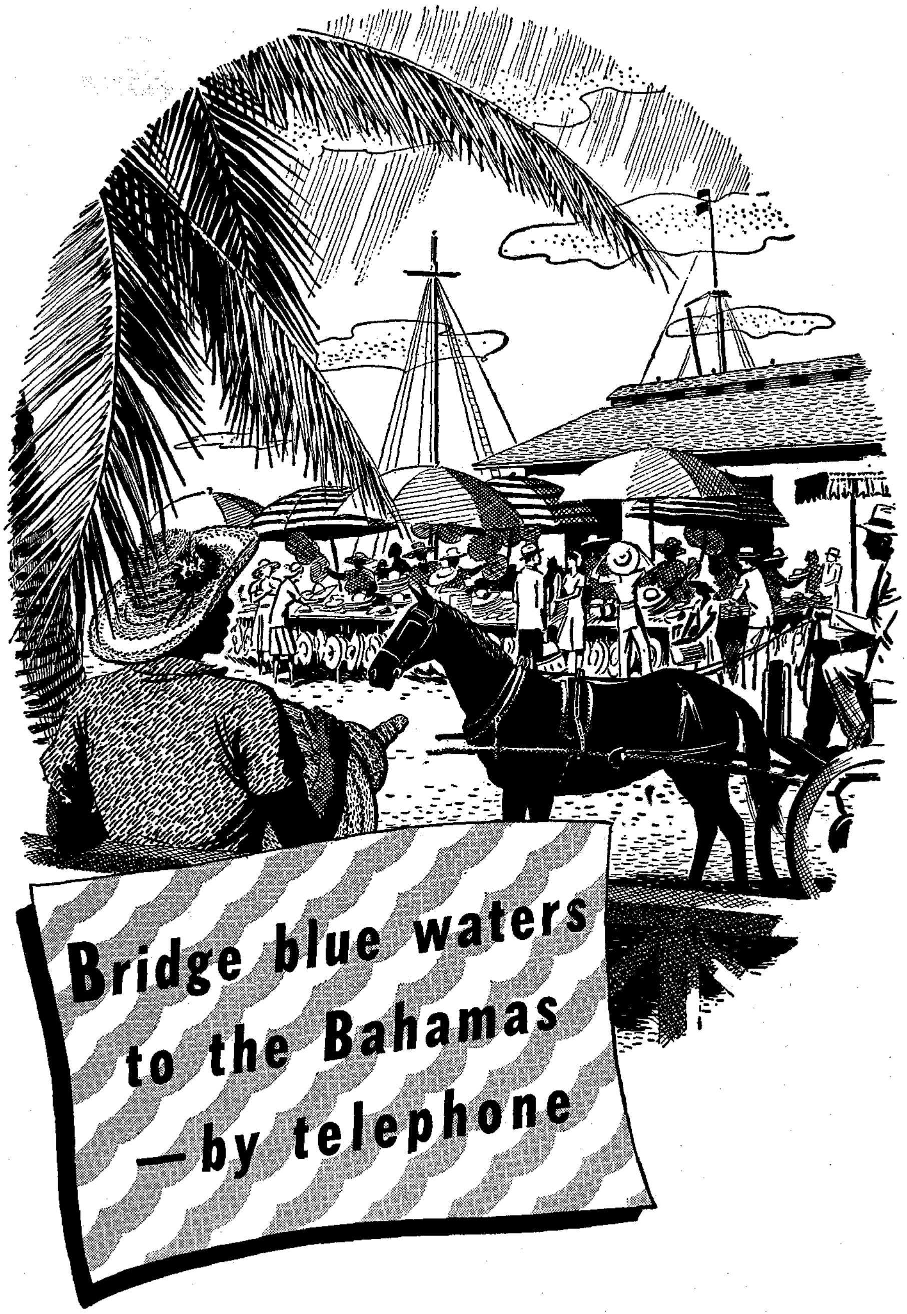

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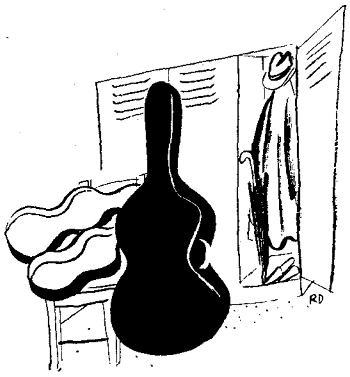
BATTLE OF THE GREEKS

THE Red Cross sewing party met twice a week in Mrs. Ramsay's dining room to stitch pajamas, drink a dish of tea, and talk about their menfolk. Mrs. Ramsay found pretty soon that she was in possession of all sorts of unsuspected facts about the husbands of the village—Mrs. Peters' husband, for instance, who was the head groom up at the big house. Mrs. Ramsay felt that she would never be able to look at his neat, gaitered legs and fox-terrier face again without remembering that he had cold feet in bed. "Ow, terrible!" Mrs. Peters had sighed, rounding off a buttonhole. "I always say to him, 'Daddy,' I say, 'one might as well put one's feet up against a frog.' " It was also interesting to discover that Mr. Lovelace, from Tuppers Farm, had swallowed his auntie's thimble as a child and that Mr. Garner, the big house's second gardener, was always attacked by bees on account of his upstanding hair. Mrs. Ramsay, sitting listening in a white overall so crackling that it hurt, felt she ought to produce some fascinating anecdote about Mr. Ramsay, but could think of none that would bear relating.

There was a day, however, when the conversation took a more international turn. It was impelled that way by Mrs. Ramsay's suggestion that the next parcel of comforts might possibly be sent to the Greeks, on whose behalf the wife of the Greek Minister was appealing.

"The Greeks!" said Mrs. Peters suspiciously. "Ow, what an original idea!" She held up the pair of trousers she was making and regarded them with a frown, as though meditating what it would be like to put one's feet up against a Greek.



The rest of the sewing party looked dubiously at Mrs. Ramsay. The idea of swathing Grecian torsos in good English winceyette was obviously difficult to digest right away. Mrs. Twistle coughed gently. Everything about Mrs. Twistle, who had been in service with a ducal family as a girl, was gentle, even her way of uttering sentiments that would have set the strawberry leaves shuddering with the cold breath of revolution. Mrs. Ramsay could never repress a start when, in a voice soft as a dove's, Mrs. Twistle would murmur, "There are heads in high places, Madam, as should be rolling on Tower Hill" or "If I had my way, there are plenty of gentlemen in the present government who I would like—excuse me, Madam—to take out and shoot against a wall." Having gently coughed, Mrs. Twistle whispered, "I suppose, Madam, that the Greek gentlemen would be wearing pajamas? In the photographs they're always in little, short sort of petticoat affairs."

"Oh dear, Mrs. Twistle! It would be terrible if we sent our lovely pajamas and then they didn't wear them!" Mrs. Lovelace cried, plucking her glasses off her nose in her agitation.

"Ow, not in bed! They wouldn't wear their petticoats in bed!" Mrs. Peters exclaimed robustly, provoking a choking explosion of giggles from Miss Lovelace, the only virgin present in the austere company of matrons.

"Hem this sleeve, Elsie," said her mother, and the virgin subsided, her face crimson.

Everyone now appealed to Mrs. Ramsay, as the most worldly member of the party, to settle the question of Greek male slumber wear. "Hark at us all arguing when Mrs. Ramsay can tell us!" cried Mrs. Garner. The table turned its collective gaze upon her, as though confident that she had bedded with half the heroes in the Iliad. Mrs. Ramsay thought distractedly of the only Greek in her life, a stout London restaurant proprietor who had stood grilling skewered lamb and garlic over charcoal, wearing neither petticoats nor pajamas but a stained serge suit. The memory didn't seem really helpful. Happily, she recollected that the Greek Minister's wife had specifically asked for pajamas, and the party relaxed, breathing heavily.

"GREEKS!" said Mrs. Peters. "Well, wait until I tell Daddy! He'll have a good laugh at me stitching away for the Greeks. Kind of little men, aren't they?" She held up the trousers again. "I suppose these are going to fit them?"

The garments in question looked to Mrs. Ramsay as though they would accommodate not only a Greek but a couple of Albanians too, but she uttered soothing words.

"Well, poor fellows, it must be bitterly cold up on those mountains," said

Mrs. Lovelace. "It's sort of nice to think that our pajamas are going to keep them warm. And when you think how splendid they're being, chasing off that nasty Mussolini—"

Mrs. Twistle coughed gently again and remarked with implacable softness that the Greeks were very marvellous, no doubt, but in her opinion it was a pity that England had to have foreign allies monkeying about with her war.

"Ow, well, I'm not all that narrow-minded," said Mrs. Peters. "After all, if you have allies, they've got to be foreign. Stands to reason. And as Daddy says, it's not the poor things' fault that they can't speak the King's English proper. We should look nice fools, Mrs. Twistle, parleyvooing in Athens, no doubt. May I trouble you for the box of pins, Mrs. Garner? I thank you."

Mrs. Twistle's pink cheeks went two shades pinker and her Alexandra coiffure was tremulous with emotion. Her voice, however, remained mild as ever as she whispered that she had nothing against the Greeks, mind you—nothing whatever. "There's no doubt, Mrs. Peters, that they're a fine lot of men. It's only that if I had my way, we'd have nothing to do with foreigners. We're better off without them, though there are those in high places, I'm well aware, as don't see eye to eye."

"Ow, and how about the Americans?" Mrs. Peters asked sarcastically. "I suppose you're going to tell me that if they wanted to come over and help us, you wouldn't let them, on account of them being, as you might say, foreigners."

"I would not," replied Mrs. Twistle.

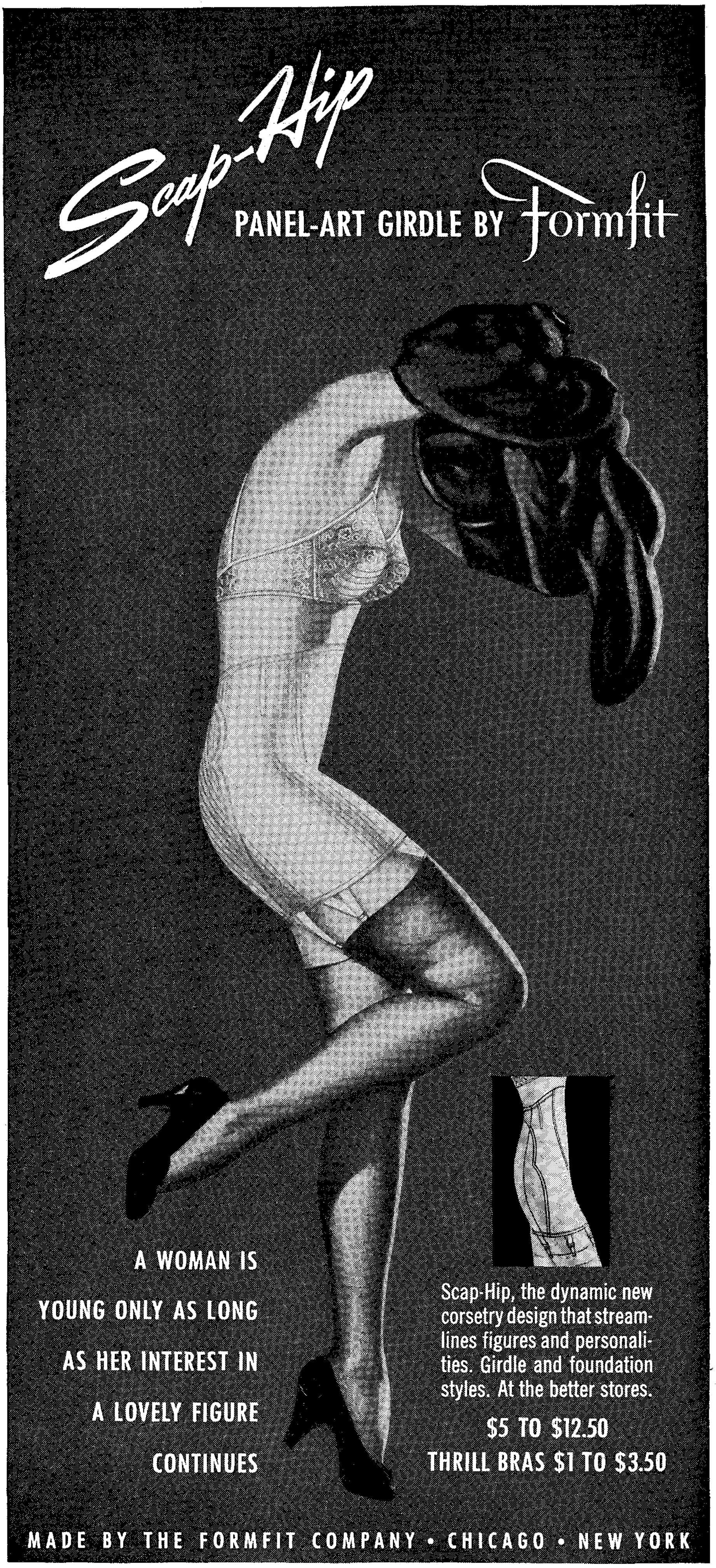
AT this interesting juncture, Mrs. Dogberry, who was deaf, shouted out, "Ready for buttons!" Half a dozen hands reached out cards of buttons to her, and the party settled back again to listen to Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Twistle.

"I'm sure I don't want to contradict you, Mrs. Twistle," said Mrs. Peters, "but I must say I think you're wrong. Daddy says that if the Americans came over and fought, we'd have the Nasties beaten before the end of the year."

"How lovely that would be," Mrs. Ramsay murmured, hoping to make a diversion.

Mrs. Twistle refused to be sidetracked. "In my opinion, Mrs. Peters," she said with ominous calm, "we should have been better off without the Americans in the last war, if it comes to that."

"Ow, now, really, Mrs. Twistle!" Mrs. Peters laughed in a superior way.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"Everyone knows that if they hadn't come in when they did, we should have lost the war. And they was a splendid lot of young men. Daddy says—"

"With all due respect to Mr. Peters," said Mrs. Twistle with chilling stateliness—Mrs. Ramsay, shuddering slightly, could imagine her using the same tone to announce "Your Grace, the tumbril waits"—"with *all* due respect, splendid no doubt they was, but uncommon late they was also. By the time they arrived, our boys had done all the work, Mrs. Peters, and there was nothing for them to do. Mr. Twistle always says the same."

"Ow, there was nothing for them to do, wasn't there?" Mrs. Peters said. "What about the battles they was in? What about the American war memorial? I suppose they put that up just in memory of the trip across the Atlantic, Mrs. Twistle? Daddy could tell you a very different story. He was right beside the American boys in France, and he says they fought like hellcats, Mrs. Twistle. If you don't mind my saying so, I think Daddy might be allowed to know better than Mr. Twistle, who wasn't never there. Like hellcats, he said, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mrs. Twistle. Ow, yes!"

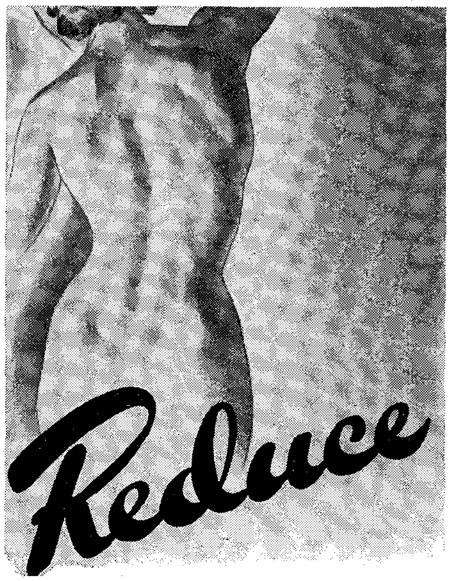
There was now, Mrs. Ramsay observed, not a heave to choose between the Twistle and Peters bosoms. High drama was in the air. Needles were still while the shivering Greeks waited. Miss Lovelace, whose risible faculties seemed equally moved by the Muses of Comedy and Tragedy, gave a sudden wild giggle and was sharply told by her mother to hem a sleeve.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Peters, but my 'usband *was* there," Mrs. Twistle said, mislaying, in her agitation, one of the refined "h"s acquired in the ducal household. "My 'usband was in France from 1915 to 1918."

"Ow, but behind the lines, Mrs. Twistle, behind the lines," said Mrs. Peters. "Daddy was *in* the lines all the time."

Mrs. Ramsay was waiting apprehensively for Mrs. Twistle's reply to this crushing statement when Mrs. Dogberry suddenly came to the rescue. Having been quietly sewing, blissfully unconscious of the high-voltage currents crackling round her head, she shouted across the table, "How are chickens laying, Mrs. Twistle? Mine are right off—all the mucky stuff they put in the chicken food nowadays, likely."

There was a pause, then Mrs. Twistle replied with dignity, "Thank you, Mrs. Dogberry, but I can't com-



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plain. My little pullets are giving me my steady five."

THE crisis was over. Mrs. Ramsay breathed again. Stirring from its drugged trance, the table began to babble of hot mashes and crop-bound hens. A few minutes later, Mrs. Ramsay was electrified to hear Mrs. Peters say magnanimously, "I passed by your place the other afternoon, Mrs. Twistle, and I thought those Light Sussex birds of yours were looking real lovely."

"They're nice," Mrs. Twistle admitted, "but they don't give the brown eggs like your Rhode Island Reds do, Mrs. Peters."

When the compliments had died down, Mrs. Ramsay asked cautiously, "Then it's agreed? We'll send the next lot of pajamas to the Greeks?"

"Ow, yes, send them to the Greeks by all means," said Mrs. Peters. "It'll be a nice change for them to get their limbs into something cozy after those little skirts, poor lads."

"I think it would be ever so nice, Madam," said Mrs. Twistle softly. "After all, they're doing very wonderfully, aren't they? If those in high places don't see that we help them as much as possible, there's heads as will certainly roll when the voice of the people is heard. May I trouble you for the loan of your scissors, Mrs. Peters?"

"Help yourself, Mrs. Twistle," said Mrs. Peters.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Talking about Texas, did you know that the Fordham-Texas Aggie Cotton Bowl game was broadcast in 49 states—but not Texas?—*Joe Cummiskey in PM.*

Why, no, we didn't.

•

"We've had a jolly time," he continued. "We get letters from home regularly and when we went to New York we saw the aquarium. We were disappointed to find that the octopus had just died, but it was all right because the next day, what do you think? I met Mrs. Roosevelt."
—*Boston Traveler.*

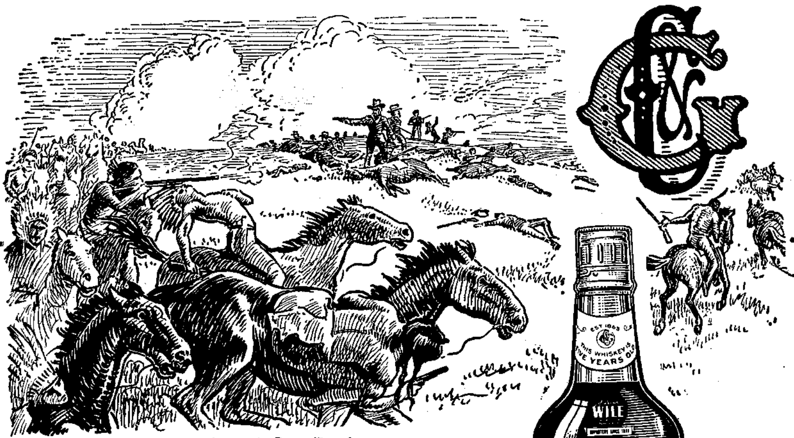
The celebrated biped?

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From Coronet*]

Raymond Grow, 26 years old and a graduate of Marquette University, is a free lance contributor to newspapers and magazines. In New Orleans, last summer, he lived in the old French Quarter, roaming the narrow streets where the Creole young bloods he describes once passed to visit their Quadroons. His home town is Gary, Indiana.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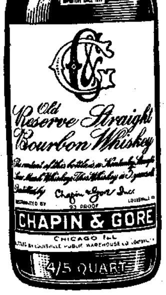
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

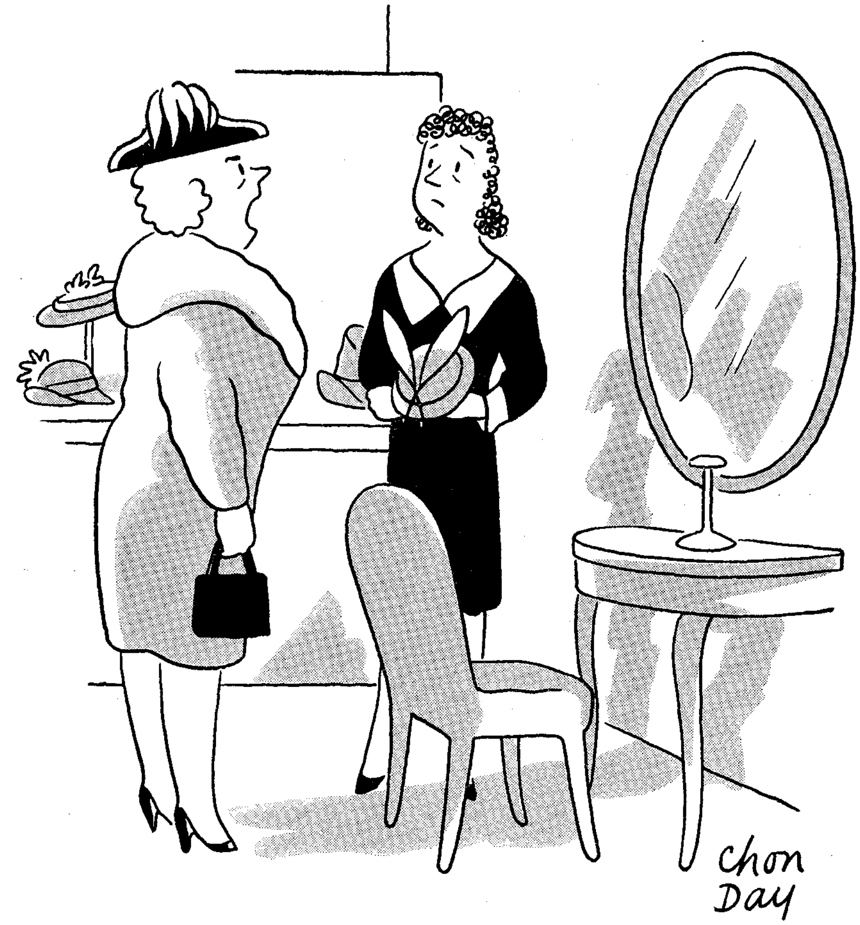
THIS department has often screeched against the hurry-up mood of the fashion business. The way the people in it talk, every one of us ought to be always thinking about the future. If you go looking for a bathing suit in July, you are made to feel slovenly because you are not preoccupied with autumn woollens; ask for a warm dress in December and you'll be shown Palm Beach ginghams. There is one time of year, however, when the public is eager to go along with the fashion creators and distributors in their longing to rush the season, and that time is now. Ever since New Year's we have been conditioned by pictures of the surf at Miami, and now that March has rolled around, New Yorkers one and all are psychologically equipped for spring. They want to buy clothes that are ready at a second's notice to burst the confines of smothering winter coats; they yearn for tulips and a suggestion of greenery about their persons. To satisfy this desire, the shops have really bestirred themselves.

At Jay-Thorpe, for instance, there is a collection of custom hats that are sprightlier than the first snowdrop. Pale greens and pinks and blues and white flippancies are rampant. There are frivolous sailors made of pink straw, with decorations around the crown that look for all the world like a bristle of blue-tipped matches; others have roses, birds, or butterflies shooting upward; and still others have loops and loops of fine straw braid to tone down the harshness of the brim which makes some women think a sailor doesn't suit their type. One of the gayest new monkey tricks here involves hats that have narrow velvet streamers in back; the streamers are tipped by tiny velvet bows with clips by which they can be attached to the lobes of your ears like earrings. The idea is worked out with an enchanting effect on a little black baku cap that extends well down on the back of the head and has pink flowers to curl over your pompadour, and on another back-of-the-head cap with three towering bows above.

DELMAN'S shoes show an equally agile and buoyant approach. Among his pumps—always so wonderful—the current favorite for street wear has a medium-square heel and a squarish toe with, as a slight variation from the bows he loves, two long, narrow, boxlike strips, one behind the other, at the instep. As in all of his pumps, the heel is closed, thank goodness, and, as in many of them, the toe is covered as well. To me, this model is particularly effective in a new pimento-red calf, but if you don't care for that, there are sixteen other versions to consider. In trimmings, Delman lets loose an upstart yen for natural-colored hemp, used with great éclat on brown calf; a high-heeled pump, for instance, has a narrow band of hemp outlining the top, and a bow at its throat, also made of the stuff. Hemp even appears on suède, hemming flaring bows and forming bands at the bottom of tapered high heels. Delman also goes in for decorative brass or nickel nailheads, using them to outline wall lasts and bows on shoes of all kinds.

For country or street wear, there are sturdier shoes that are likely to have square peasant heels. One knockout model has a monk toe with slashes across the foot to suggest wide bands; it comes in lightweight alligator studded with brass nailheads, or in calf with perforations revealing leather in a contrasting color beneath. Look, too, at Delman's Featherlite shoes, you country folk who hate to feel like clodhoppers. They weigh less than six ounces a pair, whether made in calf, buckskin, or alligator, and are as flexible as gloves. Some of them have peasant heels, others a modified type of wedge which is less clumsy than most, and they cost from $12.75 up.

AT Bonwit Teller, there is a new collection of Louise Barnes Gallagher tailored spring dresses made of her exclusive mesh fabric. This, at first glance, looks like a nice, spongy wool, but it is semi-transparent, as you'll notice if you glance again. Its weave makes it the ideal travelling fabric, for it doesn't crush. It doesn't stretch, either, and *this* makes it highly tailorable, a quality which Mrs. Gallagher plays up in one- and two-piece dresses. The bodice of a one-piece black jumper dress made of this fabric has a fine, pleated frill of the same material down its centre and curves away around the hips to give a fitted effect. Another dress is all up-and-down tucks (the skirt is box-pleated to boot) and has a jacket with a buttoned-on blue linen collar. A third has a row of white pearl



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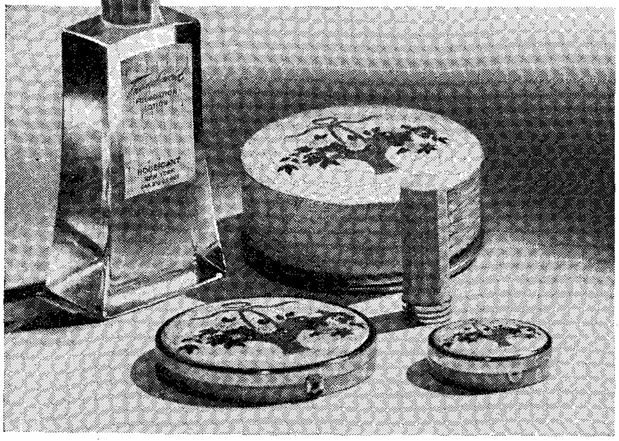

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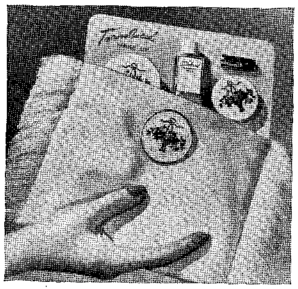

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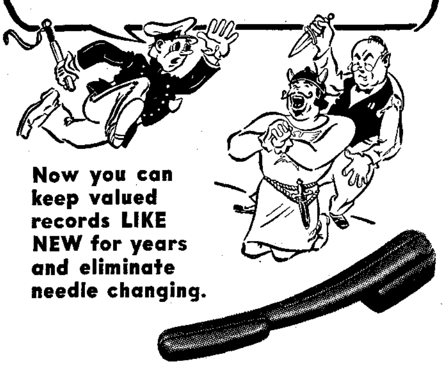

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buttons set close together down its front and may be worn either with or without its ruffled white mousseline blouse. A printed-and-plain costume that I dote on is beautifully done. A fitted mesh coat is buttoned down the diaphragm and has a deep oval neckline made soft by loops of navy-and-white printed material matching the dress beneath; the dress has long sleeves and a higher oval neckline to fill in the deep décolletage of the coat. These start at $110, and there is nothing about them that won't be just as swank in 1942.

Bonwit is enormously set up by its ventures into knit goods, which have been abetted by the counsel of Mme. Irette of London. One of the best pullovers I ever saw, an almost hip-length affair, is in a hand-knit rib with a round neck and short sleeves, a frankly shaped bosom, and a clinging waistline. It's $29.95 and will make every pullover you own look out of date. Then there are separate jackets of heavy, nubbly hand-knits. Among these is a straight-hanging one with wide, curved pockets and lattice weave. Another, which is double-breasted, is longish and fitted all the way down, and it's the great Palm Beach hit. These start at $79.75.

Bonwit also has machine-knit affairs that give the illusion of being hand-knit and don't, like most, try to resemble wools or tweeds. One nubbly machine-knit consists of a navy fitted jacket, with revers and four pockets with half-moon flaps, and a skirt with gores emphasized by indentations in the knit. The suit is $35, and you won't be able to believe it. Slacks of a knit so fine that the stitch is called petit point have a deft cut; the jackets which go with these have slanting reefer pockets and square yokes—very nautical. There are also numberless models here that are beloved by large women—lacy-blouse types and the like. I have always felt such women should be protected from themselves, but if they insist on wearing knits, Bonwit is ready to humor them in a better style than that to which they have probably been accustomed.

A DISCUSSION of knits *should* lead to a discussion of brassières and Ruth Merzon, at 45 West 57th Street, a champion of sanity applied to curves. She shows none of those wired gadgets that frighten me so, and she manages to do the most convincing job in building out flat-chested girls and molding overdeveloped ones. She'll build brassières into bathing suits (the shop's or one you already have) and she reports a surprising demand for doing the same to the sheerest of nightgowns. You can take your choice of semi-custom ones (from $3; two days to finish) or completely custom jobs (these take about a week). Finally, there's the shop's invention called the Sani-Vest, which is designed for women who hate to wear corsets next to their skins. It is merely a shirt which starts at the waistline and is just long enough to cover the thighs. It's made of a rayon jersey so thin that it makes not the slightest ridge when turned over the top of a girdle. This is $2, and large women in particular dote on it. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Tricks with Paper

BEND an ear to the ground in the neighborhood of Madison Avenue in the middle Fifties and you can hear the rustle of spring issuing from the showrooms of wallpaper houses. There, to the delight of decorators who really love their work and relish a good challenge, more than the mere showing of new designs for 1941 is afoot. Something—can it be a trend?—which has been gathering momentum through the past several seasons seems to have caught hold, and suddenly everyone is showing papers designed not to cover the four walls of a room with one continuous expanse of all-over pattern but to be used as trimmings, much as a dressmaker employs braid and buttons. There are panels—sometimes scenic, sometimes showing sculptural figures—to use in niches or to spot strategically, like pictures, upon overlong stretches of plain, unbroken wall. There are sets of *trompe-l'œil* architectural designs, with fluted columns, cornice moldings, doorframes, and wainscoting, that are sold in strips by the yard and give plain plaster walls the look of having been designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Ceiling papers, bold in pattern and color, are around in abundance, and miles of old-fashioned wallpaper borders are being brought out and piled on the band wagon. Both the ceiling papers and top-of-the-wall borders are designed to go with plain, solid-color walls, either painted or papered, but many of them are also offered with patterned side-wall papers in colors to match.

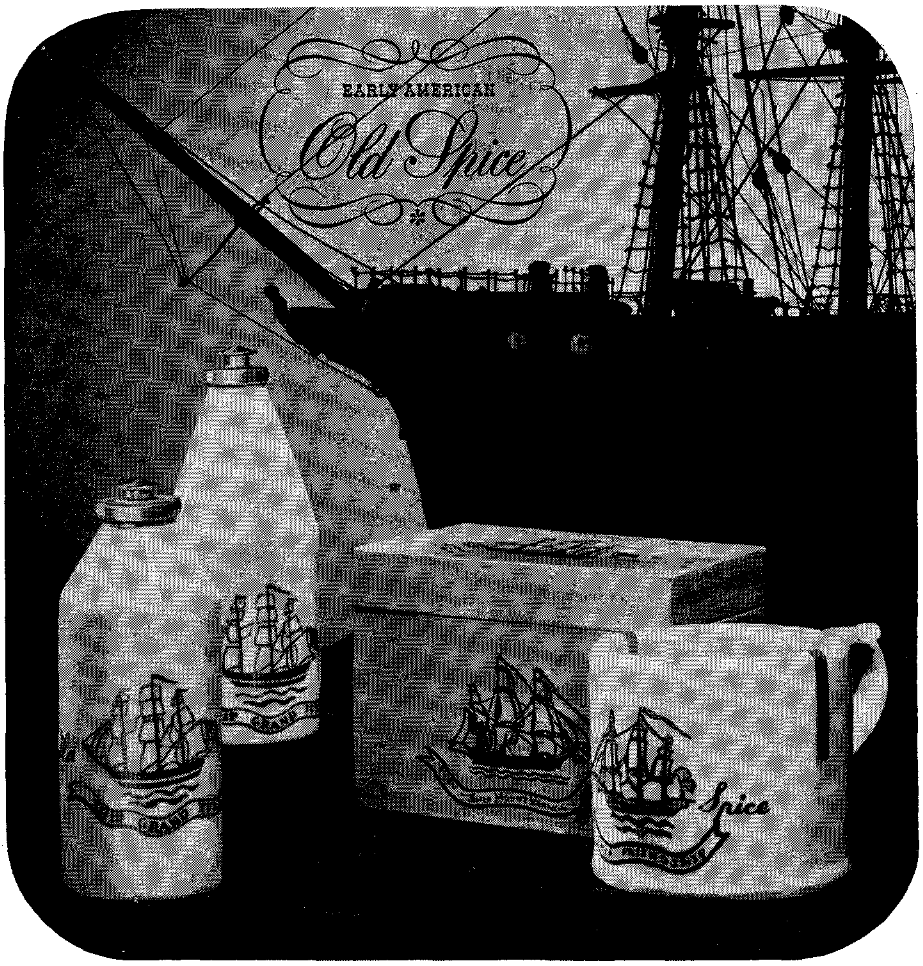
Katzenbach & Warren, at 49 East 53rd Street, have always favored wall decorations of this sort, and such papers are the backbone of the firm's spring collection. Two separate sets, Alexandria and Countryside, each in itself capable of being used in any number of combinations, have been planned so that parts of one set can also be used with parts of the other. Alexandria is one of those architectural affairs offering pilasters with classic bases and capitals, moldings in various widths, a dado, a ceiling paper with fine, molded detail, and a cutout eagle overdoor piece to make entrances important. Countryside is a scenic paper with sculptural figures, done in four panels, which makes it perfect for use above Alexandria's dado and between its pilasters. Since Alexandria and Countryside are made-to-order papers, you can have them in any colors, and if you'd like to see how they look in use, you can do so at the showrooms, where you may window-shop all you like. Orders, though, must be placed through your decorator.

Katzenbach & Warren's enormous stock of border papers, which they print by the mile, now includes two friezes in the Williamsburg tradition, one showing Early American craftsmen at work and the other presenting small figures of Washington, Lafayette, and Jefferson posed against Williamsburg buildings. The first of these is ninety cents a yard, the other is $1.20. Plain side-wall papers to use with them are $1.20 a roll. You can achieve some striking results with these inexpensive things.

Rose-Garland border papers, with which plain walls can be made lushly Victorian for surprisingly little money, are a specialty at Wilsey-Hemstreet, 515 Madison Avenue (at 53rd, and another buy-through-your-decorator house). The most spectacular one has pink and red cabbage roses, larger than life, festooned in swags that swoop down more than two feet from the top of the wall; $2.25 a yard. The unusual width of this border limits it to exceptionally high walls, with plenty of space above doors and windows, if you insist upon using it in the conventional manner. But that isn't Wilsey-Hemstreet's idea at all. Give them their way and they'll have you applying their rose garlands against the ceiling, or cut up in pieces, one swag to a piece, and inverted to make flowery arches over doorways. The vision of an average paper-hanger turned loose among ideas like this is almost too awful to contemplate, but you can see that with a good decorator to supervise the job, some really fine effects might be achieved.

A stock plaid drapery border at this place can be made up in any combination of colors. One decorator has ordered it in red, green, and purple, to use in a small dining room with bright-red walls and a green ceiling. This would

Refinements
TO THE
ART OF SHAVING



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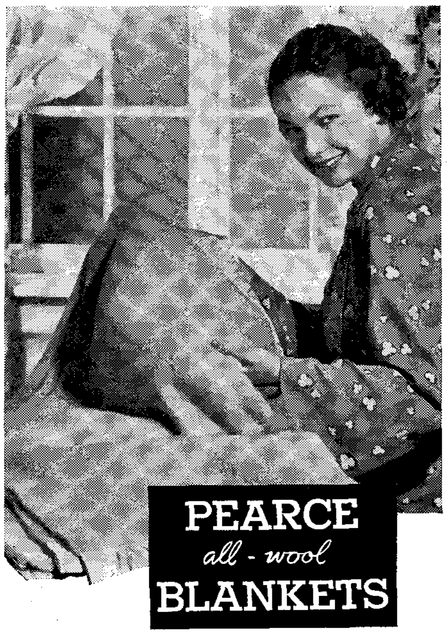

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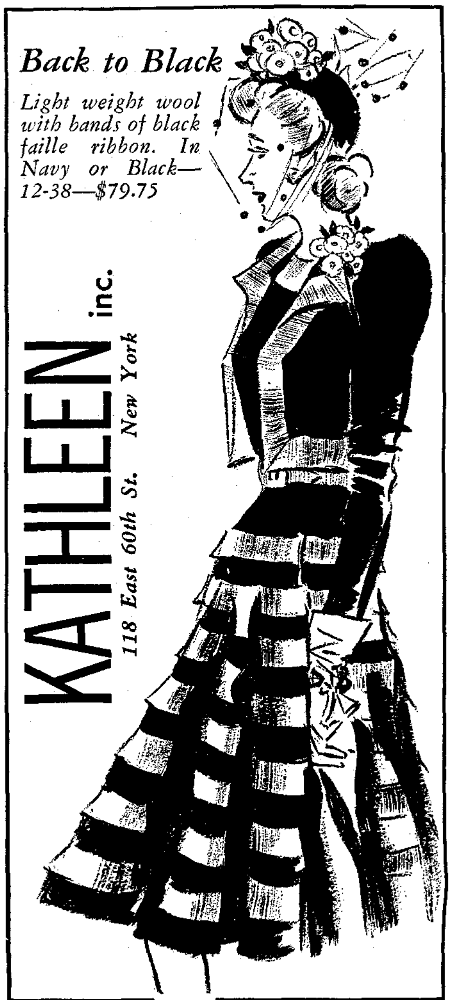

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be an especially good design for curtain valances, if you're looking for anything like that. Among children's borders, there's a sweet one with woolly white lambs gambolling about on pastel backgrounds; it's seventy-five cents a yard and can be matched in a side-wall paper at $4 a roll. You can use the side-wall paper on one nursery wall and carry the border around the other three, which are left plain; or paper the whole nursery, using the border in the children's bathroom; or border all four walls of the nursery and use the side-wall paper inside closets. Anything.

THE staff of A. L. Diament, at 34 East 53rd Street, has had years of experience playing cut-out games with wallpaper borders and panels and can think of more ways to use them than you would believe possible. One of the best things in the shop right now is a series of paper panels, printed from old woodblocks, in which each panel bears the figure of one ruler or another of England drawn in a sculptural technique. Elizabeth, Anne, Henry VIII, and Cromwell are among them. The figures are almost four feet tall, and if you have wall niches of the right size, the panels would be wonderful in them. Diament also likes to use these on three- and four-fold screens, mounting the figures above a dado of marbleized wallpaper and framing them in paper borders. A finished screen is about $70. For the panels in the raw, the price is $7.50 each; if you like, Diament will hand-color the figures or paint in colored backgrounds—this, of course, is extra.

The Diament collection of border papers is famous among decorators. Prices start at twenty-five cents a yard, few are more than seventy-five cents, and practically every one is a great beauty. Patterns simulating gimp, twisted rope, architectural moldings, and ivy- and oak-leaf garlands come in marvellous mellow colorings. One of the shop's pet stunts is using these as framelike borders for mirrors. Another good trick is done with panels from broken sets of their superb scenic papers; these are framed as overmantels and sell for around $40. Very effective over a mantel in a room that can stand the often startlingly brilliant colorings of these panels. —B. B.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Murder Out of Turn," by Frances and Richard Lockridge*]

Weigand . . . pulled on sneakers over heavy woolen socks, gray slacks and a faded blue sweater.

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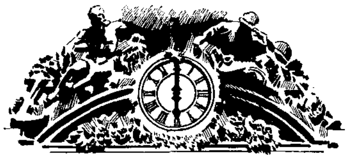

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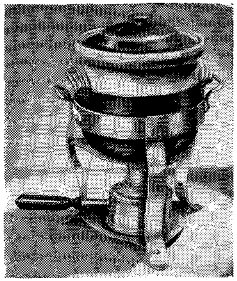

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Love Without Visas

SUCH lightsome matters as "The Trial of Mary Dugan," with its left-handed knife-thrower, and "The Mad Doctor," with its analyst, a born wife-killer, enliven the program of the week's more nearly average pictures. At any rate, a more ambitious film than either of these—"So Ends Our Night," from the "Flotsam" of Erich Maria Remarque—doesn't reach as different or as much higher a plane as it should. As the novel has been treated here, romance—just simple, plain love interest—has been allowed to take such precedence that at times we begin to think the whole plight of Europe today is the trouble lovers have in achieving a rendezvous.

The official theme is the plight of the political refugees, those hapless people without passports who must wander from one country to another, with jail and concentration camps their almost certain fate. Beginning in Vienna before the *Anschluss*, the story presents a fugitive German officer, one of more liberal views than Berlin could tolerate, and a Jewish boy, and soon enough introduces us, of course, to the women in their lives. As the officer, Fredric March manages one of his extremely able and adult performances. In him, and possibly in him alone, there appears a suggestion of the violence of their predicament, and there is realism in his handling of his own problems and his management of the younger man's. How he gets money, buys a faked passport, contrives to get over borders, and eventually goes to see his dying wife in Berlin itself compose the forceful and exciting incidents of the picture. They are by no means, however, the ones most stressed. The older people, you might say, are pushed to the background and the youngsters hold the stage. Margaret Sullavan and a young man named Glenn Ford make a very pretty couple as they wander from Vienna to Prague to Zurich to Paris, where we leave them, or lose sight of them, anyhow, with the cozy assurance that soon enough they will step on the Clipper and find some nice niche for themselves in our local world of entertainment. They are such decorative refugees, one feels, that they are bound to come out all right.

THIS time, Laraine Day plays Mary Dugan and she too is a decorative refugee, though just a refugee from a reform school. I suppose that we shall always be seeing "Mary Dugan," one of our stage classics, and always be delighted with that dénouement in the courtroom. I thought this version easy enough in its way to accept, though again the big courtroom scene becomes somewhat too much a scene of personal drama, a stage for the emotional handclasp and display of sentiment that the presence of judge and jury generally discourages in life itself. . . . In "The Mad Doctor," Basil Rathbone can easily look the part of an analyst with the murder of a wife or two in his private life. Jaunty and ready for new killings, he becomes an established practitioner with a beautiful heiress in tow, a well-heeled lady-in-the-dark indeed. It's all a bit too lurid, but the morbid in search of an incidental tickle may enjoy the film, especially the dainty detail of a murder in the subway.

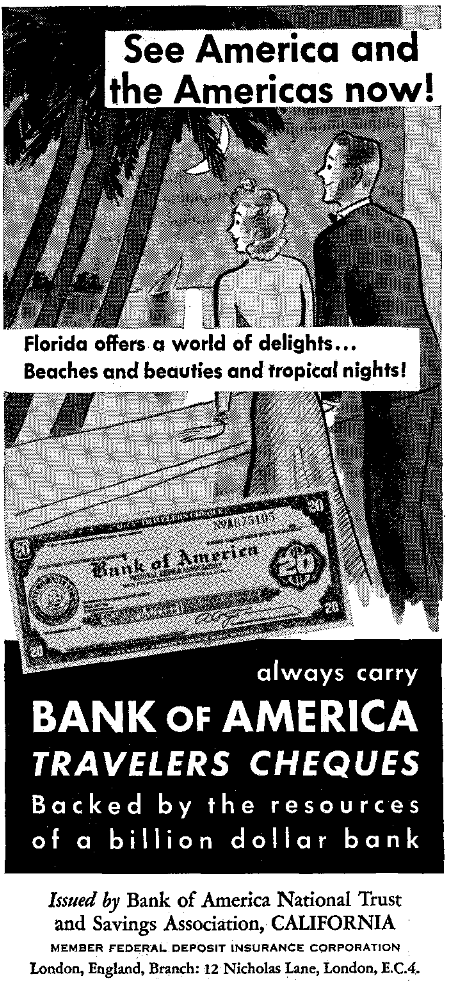
WHAT the importers of foreign films have been about all these years in keeping "Pépé le Moko" away from us I am sure I don't know. I suppose "Algiers," which was a Hollywood transcription of "Pépé," had something to do with the delay. Anyhow, the film is here now and is worth a visit. Time, to be sure, has not dealt too kindly with the celluloid, and there's a frayed and faded quality about the edges which suggests it was smuggled over the Bridge of Irun in an old shoe and held up for weeks and weeks till it got that dilapidated Lisbon look. Some of the Kasbah scenes suffer as a result, and Pépé's eerie associates and his beleaguered ladies are too dim for the close observance they merit. Enough, however, has survived the years and the harsh trip to suggest the picture's success. Jean Gabin is a more vigorous Pépé, I should say, than was Boyer in the same part, and, misty though it is, the Kasbah seems as direct and at first hand and as near as Fifty-second Street.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

While riding to White River Junction, Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Phelps saw two dead cats, two dead hens, a squirrel, a rabbit and a man. The man was not dead, but had been knocked down and was being worked over. This was Sunday morning.—*Franklin (N.H.) Journal-Transcript.*

One day's like another to a rabbit.



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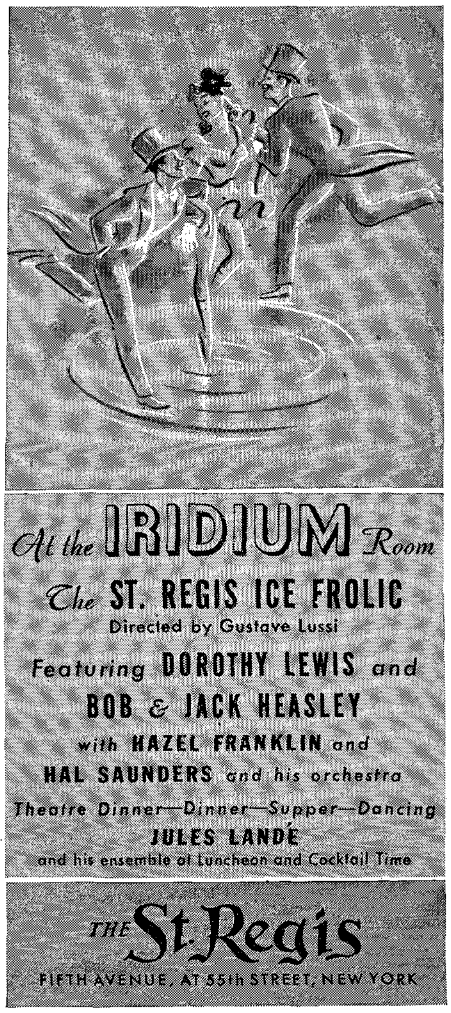

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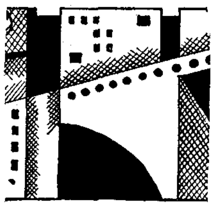
THE SKY LINE

New Terminal—New School

SOMEBODY observed recently that the new Airlines Terminal "constitutes a veritable piece of that World of Tomorrow that was the theme of the recent great exposition on Flushing Meadows." This says far better than I can exactly what is the matter with it. The building has the authentic Flushing Meadows touch, which means that it talks about the future and enacts the past. The only thing that brings it into 1941 is the fact that stainless steel is used by the acre to form the upper walls of the main hall.



Once the old Belmont Hotel stood upon this site, along the western side of Park Avenue from Forty-first to Forty-second Street. The main mass of the new building is four stories high, done in limestone, and the windows form vertical panels which alternate with the solids. Above all this there is a setback story with walls of brick; at the ground level is a solid limestone base which, as the avenue drops down Murray Hill toward Forty-second Street, provides a widening wedge in which are inserted the spacious glass windows of a café at the northeast corner.

From the sidewalk level one is supposed to see the words "Airlines Terminal," cut out in block letters, set high in the Park Avenue and Forty-second Street façades. One is also supposed to see the great lantern and flagstaff, supported by two preposterous broody eagles, that rise above the main entrance, on Forty-second Street. If one is lucky, one misses the birdies. They belong to the same order of art as the sand sculptures at Atlantic City, but they have the disadvantage of keeping their bulk even after a hard rain.

The front is marked by a huge panel of stone which serves as a frame for the concave entrance. On the corner is the café I have just mentioned. To the right is a small movie theatre. The theatre is an admirable job, and none of the things I have to say about the decoration of the rest of the building apply to it. Entering the Terminal from Forty-second Street, one finds oneself on an escalator, moving upward to the main hall. Here the passengers are provided with tickets, encouraged to wait on comfortable red upholstered benches, and finally directed by a well-modulated loudspeaker to the buses.

The layout of this hall is simple and immediately intelligible. The central space constitutes the waiting room; the ceiling is high and the ends of the room are rounded; the inner walls are supported by heavy rectangular columns. Set in a recess that runs all around the room are ticket counters, weighing counters, and telephone booths; at the south end, where doors lead to the buses, is the checkroom. A band of white illuminated glass forms a sort of frieze above the columns; in red letters, it indicates plainly the location of the various services in the hall.

Unfortunately, though the skeleton is good, the flesh is weak. As in the case of the eagles, the decorations in this great hall succeed only in being funny. Each end wall is dominated by the naked figure of a cast-aluminum man, swimming through space and pursued by a vengeful sea gull—would it were a vulture!—which has got him by the hair. A red band with the figures of the zodiac crawling over it also hurtles across each of these walls. If you have any doubts as to why you are in the building, these decorations are meant to settle them.

However, it is not only in this choice of archaic symbols that the designers went wrong. The effect of the interior is dull; the gray floors, the dark-gray columns, the dull gold of the walls, the steel gray of the counters, the dark-powder-blue ceiling with its inset lamps, are all somehow needlessly depressing. The whole architectural treatment is massive, ponderous, earthbound; even the circular gray-terrazzo counters that serve for newsstand and information desks look as if they were designed to resist heavy artillery fire.

Am I unreasonable in thinking that an airline terminal should express the fact that the airplane is a medium of travel quite different from the oxcart? Here is a building in which new materials might appropriately have been used in a new way, in which the traveller might have been given an anticipatory touch of exhilaration, a sense of space irradiated by sunlight, a buoyant touch which would assure him that, unlike the poor fellow on the wall, he would soon be outdistancing the sea gull.

Instead of the purely decorative map in the entrance, for example, there might have been a frame for removable posters of the type that Edward McKnight Kauffer created for the London Under-ground—posters that would have made the passerby crazy to take the next plane heading for the Andes or Alaska. Or the façade might have been designed so that from the street one would have beheld a blue, vaulted ceiling behind an all-glass front, looking like a patch of radiant sky on the grayest winter day. Or the compression of time might have been emphasized and a series of time maps might have been used as the main decorative theme, to dramatize the shrinkage of space achieved by the airplane. These are all obvious ideas; I mention them with apologies. But if inspiration failed the architects, they could at least have left walls and surfaces blank instead of filling them with trite symbols and trivial decorative devices.

Throughout the city the older Schrafft shops and restaurants have been undergoing a change of front. If Schrafft's has its way, seemingly, the mantle of white churches of the Cluniac order which cloaked all France in the eleventh century will have a New York counterpart in the new array of white confectionery shops and soda fountains and restaurants. The result is almost uniformly an improvement upon the sober bronze fronts that once characterized the chain. With variations, the same general formula controls all the remodellings; this serves the useful purpose of identifying the establishment. The new fronts present a white marble surface set off by aluminum or bronze frames and metalwork. The name "Schrafft's," done in aluminum (or sometimes in bronze), floats on a broad white panel above the entrance and windows, a chaste gray on an elegant white. By day the whole effect is severe to the point of iciness, but it has the advantage of being a style that will probably not be imitated by competitors, and the idea is in general successful.

When the Joan of Arc Junior High School opened a while ago, the newspapers called it a skyscraper school. Actually, the fact that it is much taller than the usual school is the least important thing about it. The architect has used the "skyscraper" form not to pack too many children onto an insufficient plot but to command more light and air and free space than a lower building could have done on the same strip of land. That is the only purpose that justifies its use.

The school occupies an interior plot between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues. In outline the plan is a sans-serif T. The stem of this T, seven stories

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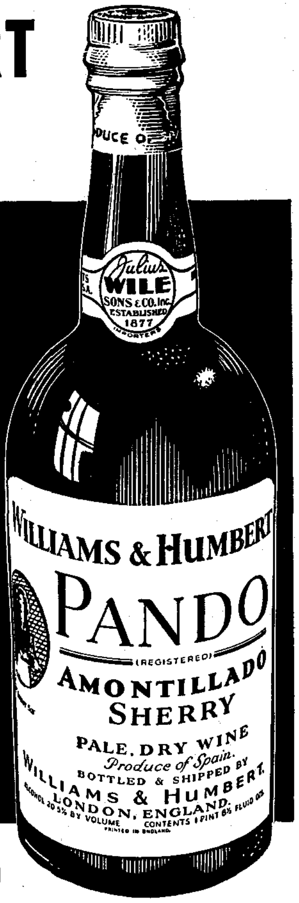

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high, runs through from Ninety-second to Ninety-third Street and terminates in a ten-story-high tower on the north, flanked by short eight-story wings slightly set back from the street. The main entrance to the building is in the tower. The crossbar of the T is formed by two long, low, shallow structures, one containing two gymnasiums and the other an auditorium, which spread on each side of the main mass. The land left open on Ninety-second Street by this T plan is devoted to playgrounds. With enough additional land for a school garden and a neighborhood park, the new layout might well have served as a model one.

The detailed execution of this building does not always equal the plan. The brickwork is stiff and cold, the windows are like those of an office building—not merely do they seem undersized but the fenestration is not worked out in a fashion that would permit an easy modification of the schoolrooms. The main entrance of the school is scaled to the height of the building and the adjacent wings rather than to the children who will use it; here, too, the human touch is lacking, and the remote decorative allusions to St. Joan, in the fleur-de-lis motif that is used in the stone and in the metallic grilles of the tower, are trite in conception and mediocre in execution. In short, the building is often bleak where it should be warm, and it is formal and businesslike where it should be playful, or at least human.

But it is so rare to find site-planning of this kind in any Manhattan structures, even school buildings, that one is bound to give the School Board's architect, Mr. Eric Kebbon, an extra star for rising to the occasion so well. The example he has set here might even be followed in a general way by apartment-house builders once they realize that only by providing light and air and gardens will they be able to preserve Manhattan as a place of residence.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

Where are the bicycles with tinkling bells that thronged the evening pavements and sipped a nickel soda from a stool? *—From the "Reader's Digest Reader."*

Don't ask us.

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*From the Times*]

Explaining that these changes had been made necessary as a result "of new ideas" that have entered into bridge play in recent years, Mr. Culbertson urged the instructors "to encourage play of a more risqué nature."

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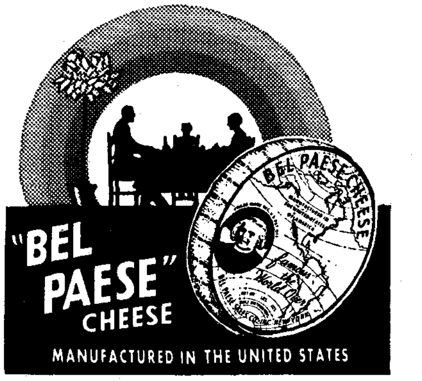

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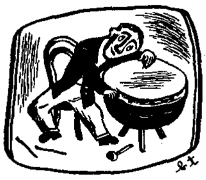
MUSICAL EVENTS

In English

IT used to be that the performance of any important work in an English translation was, of itself, news, but last week, when Bach's Passion According to St. John, Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," and Rossini's "The Barber of Seville" were heard in English, there wasn't much rumble-bumble about the fact that they weren't being sung in their respective German, Czech, and Italian originals. Evidently, listeners no longer get selfconscious on hearing a song in the language that most of them know best.



The St. John Passion was presented by the New Friends of Music, under the direction of Fritz Stiedry, who assembled for the occasion the excellent orchestra of the New Friends, choristers from the Schola Cantorum, and seven soloists. Although some of the soloists insisted on converting "man" into "mahn" and indulged in other curiosities of pronunciation, the general level of intelligibility was high, and the drama of the Passion was projected clearly. Musically, there was a peculiar angularity about the presentation: the sound and precision were good, but frequently the emotional values were lost.

The Metropolitan's latest production of "The Bartered Bride," conducted by Bruno Walter, differed from its English predecessors at the house in, among other things, the casting, which allotted three of the leading rôles to singers with dialects. Mme. Jarmila Novotna (general Continental inflection) and Karl Laufkoetter (heavy German coloring) were at least reasonably comprehensible, but Ezio Pinza—well, he had a line saying "that is understood," and it didn't apply to most of what he was doing with English. Mr. Pinza and Mr. Laufkoetter weren't happily cast, in any case. Mme. Novotna made the peasant girl, Marie, seem something like Lady Harriet in "Martha," but her impersonation was attractive. Charles Kullman, the only principal without a brogue of one kind or another, sounded so normal in his pronunciation that he appeared to be almost a stranger in his linguistic surroundings.

There was some attempt in this revival to eliminate irrelevant funny business and to restore a certain idyllic tone which, according to those who have seen Czech performances of the opera, is one of the work's most important characteristics. The opening scene captured this mood, but before long Mr. Pinza was doing old-line operatic low comedy, and Mr. Laufkoetter was rolling them down the same alley. At one point, a character drinking beer was slapped on the back and spat the brew on the stage. You know what it's like when they get really hilarious in opera.

Mr. Walter held the production together with a bright pace and a delightful presentation of the orchestral score, and most of the singing, simply as vocalization, was enjoyable. Maybe some recasting and revamping of the staging will turn "The Bartered Bride" into the attraction that it ought to be.

Up on Claremont Avenue, the Juilliard Graduate School put on four entertaining and well-prepared performances of "The Barber of Seville" in a new English version by George Mead—a translation so good that it should be the standard English edition of the opera.

PLAYING a piano concerto and conducting it at the same time is a venture that doesn't often come off, but José Iturbi managed it last week when he took charge of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. There wasn't any of the "Now, let's get organized" atmosphere when he finished a piano passage and began gesturing to the band. It was a smooth operation, and the few clinkers that happened might have happened anyhow if Mr. Iturbi had been sharing the work with either another pianist or another maestro.

Two-man coördination of the best sort between soloist and conductor was on exhibition when Sergei Rachmaninoff played his Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini magnificently with the Philharmonic-Symphony, John Barbirolli directing. By way of novelty, there was a suite for small orchestra (played by a comparatively large orchestra) from Sibelius's incidental music for Maeterlinck's "Pélleas et Mélisande." The score is rather far north for "Pélleas," and it stands up better as a string of well-written short pieces than as a commentary on the play. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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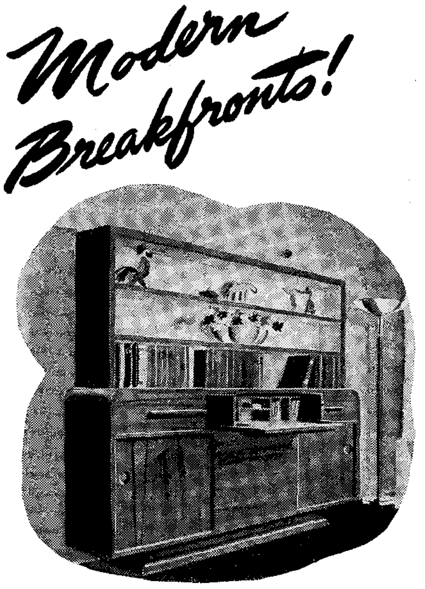
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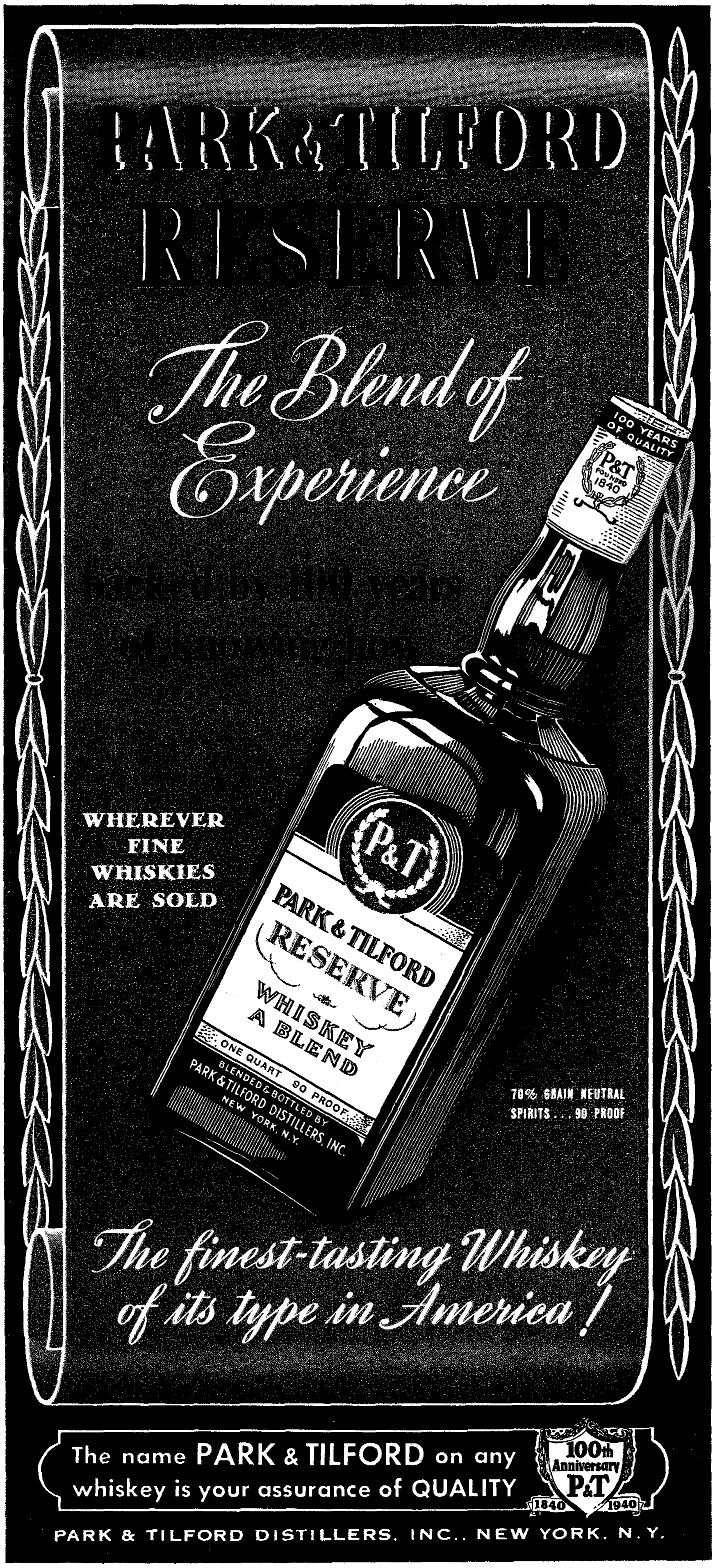
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OF ALL THINGS

THE Bulgars may not be happy about the German occupation of their country, but they can't claim they weren't warned. After all, the Nazis had definitely promised to stay away.

•

Our Senate has given a ringing answer to the claim that it is slow to act in times of crisis. It has risen to the current emergency and adopted a longer talking day.

•

We have no evidence that Stalin opposes the new German threat to the Dardanelles. Russia's attitude remains the same—firm but horizontal.

•

Chilly New Yorkers find small comfort in the news dispatches from sunny Cuba. Down in Havana, the Dodgers have been beating the Giants just as if it were July.

•

Mussolini has taken a bold stand against the British Empire in a bitter fighting speech. "My big brother," he practically said, "will lick the tar out of you."

•

The National Association of Manufacturers is unhappy because some school textbooks point out defects in our political and economic systems. The members feel that such lessons should be learned at Father's knee.

•

Some people aren't yet aware of the cost and magnitude of our defence program. It will begin to dawn on them around the Ides of March.

•

Governor Lehman again asks the legislature to reduce the interest on small loans from 3% to 2½% a month. Even the latter rate may strike a few self-seeking debtors as something short of a bargain.

•

There seems to be danger of shortages in zinc, aluminum, tungsten, and nickel. Some of us had a vague idea that any desired substance could be extracted from soy beans.

•

Earl Browder has accepted a new position. For the next four years, he will take his orders from the warden instead of Stalin. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE RACE TRACK

Back to Idle Hour

OFFHAND, I don't think anything was more disappointing all season at Hialeah than the defeat of Bimelech in the Widener Cup last weekend. He looked so well and walked so proudly that almost everybody wanted him to win, although of course nobody who had bet on any other horse wanted to lose. It made the Widener Cup a perfect race to confuse one's emotions. It was a good one to watch, too. For nearly a mile of the mile and a quarter, Bimelech followed the pace closely, and there were moments when it seemed as if he would go on to win. A furlong from home, however, he suddenly tired, and Big Pebble, Get Off, and Haltal passed him.

Ironically, Big Pebble—who, as the winner, paid $34.60 in the tote and earned a purse of $51,800—used to be a neighbor of Bimelech in Ed Bradley's stable. A little over a year ago, Mrs. Edward Moore bought him for $5,000 and ran him in the 1940 Widener. She almost hit the jackpot then, too, for he finished second. Since that time, except for winning the McLennan Handicap recently, he hadn't run so well, but what he did last Saturday practically makes up for everything. By the way, the Moores have a yacht named Big Pebble, and a smaller boat, which they use for sailfishing and such, called—you'd never guess—Little Pebble.

Unless Bradley changes his mind, Bimelech is done with racing. Not that the colt was hurt in the race, or anything of the kind; it's just that Bradley, who is eighty-one and not in too good health, wants to take him back to his Idle Hour Farm in Kentucky, where he can look at him every day. Bradley says he hopes to live to see one of Bimelech's sons win a race.

YOU'RE going to hear a lot about Albatross as the season wears on. Sired by Mate, he's a two-year-old who runs as gracefully and fast on a muddy track as on a dry one. Last week he won the Dinner Stakes and the Hialeah Juvenile Stakes, after which his owners, Elmer Shaffer and Jack Howard, said they were going to rest him until the Jamaica meeting, which really isn't so far off. Eternal Bull put up such a good show in the Hialeah Juvenile that Albatross had to be ridden out sharply, although he won with something to spare. Of the others in the race, a colt called Bold Question seems most worth remembering.

HIALEAH has closed, but there will be racing at Tropical Park until April 10th. The Miami Jockey Club did quite well financially, handling $25,457,137 in the tote. People bet like mad last Saturday and put up a total of $913,370 on the eight races. Maybe they did it to keep warm, for I don't recall a colder day all season. The Seminoles, making their annual appearance on the infield, looked thoroughly miserable, except for two young bucks who skittered about the lake in a dugout canoe, trying to take closeups of the flamingoes with a candid camera.

I ALWAYS thought that Tony Pelleteri was a good man with a horse, but I never dreamed he could win the Santa Anita Handicap with Bay View. Nor, evidently, did many other people, for Bay View was better than 58–1. Of course, if you had looked up his last summer's form you would have discovered that he was fast then—and awfully good on muddy tracks, which seems obvious now. I don't suppose anyone has ever had such peculiar fortune in a $100,000 race as Charlie Howard has had in the Santa Anita. Twice, with Seabiscuit, he has missed first money by a nose and last weekend, with Mioland, he lost by a neck, yet he has won it twice—with Kayak II and Seabiscuit—and all in a period of just five years.

NOTE ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE BREED OF THE THOROUGHBRED: The Jamaica track, which will have a brand-new grandstand for the opening of the season, will try out the daily double at its spring meeting.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

But it goes without saying that Mrs. Morton would find a desert home just another challenge to her imagination. She has a delightful way of making complicated things seem very simple. When she found there wasn't room for a chair in the butler's pantry of the new house, she painted one on the wall.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lots of people would have been stumped.

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BOOKS

A Pageant, an Emancipator, and More Nightmares from Dr. Rauschning

ARTHUR BRYANT'S "Pageant of England (1840-1940)" is aptly named. It has the bad and the good qualities of a well-mounted pageant, being heroic in conception, vivid and picturesque, full of bold contrasts, stirring, and not quite in accord with reality. The characters, too—the Sturdy Yeoman, the Responsible Aristocrat, the Laissez-Faire Industrialist, the Far-Visioned Imperialist, the Gallant Soldier—remind one of floats.

A good pageant is built around one easily grasped idea. To Mr. Bryant, the history of England during the past century is a drama, even a melodrama. England was ordained by fate to be a great Christian nation, its mission being to spread abroad its own chivalric ideals. Toward the middle of the nineteenth century the dragon, in the guise of laissez-faire industrialism, Benthamite economics, and the worship of property, began to overcome the stainless St. George. At times St. George's strength suddenly waxed—when Disraeli's vision prevailed, or that of Cecil Rhodes. For the most part, though, the dragon grew stronger and stronger, even the period 1914-18 (conceived by Mr. Bryant as a holy war) having been insufficient to enfeeble him. Today, under the bombs, St. George has revived. Mr. Bryant believes he will win, but that he will win permanently only if England abandons her nineteenth-century worship of quantity and turns again to her "great character-forming institutions" and to her real wealth, "the character of her people."

Mr. Bryant's point of view obviously is that of an enlightened Tory. What he really wants, I feel, is a kind of revised eighteenth century, with lords and commoners both knowing their places and both alive to their responsibilities. In many ways it is a pleasant conception, surely far more humane and intelligent than the free capitalists' notion of a society engaged continually in chaotic competition, but it is, however plausibly presented, a conception that looks backward. Not that Mr. Bryant's thesis is without truth. Though England is no Galahad among nations, there was and is a stubborn core of decency in her which she (like other countries, including our own) did in truth betray during the nineteenth century Mr. Bryant hates so much. The hard core is visible today, and there are many of us who believe it indestructible.

Mr. Bryant's book, whatever way one views his moral prepossessions, makes inspiriting reading. He enlivens the time and the place for you: the slums of London, the opening of the Crystal Palace, the Chartist riots, the absorbed, mechanical existence of the mid-century industrialist. His portraits of Gladstone, Palmerston, Wellington, Rhodes, and Disraeli are clear and brilliant. He never writes carelessly or overcopiously. The pageantry is admirable. And even the half-truth behind the pageant, it may be, is still capable of being made into a whole truth by the English people themselves, the common, non-Etonian people scorned, as you remember, by a world conqueror named Napoleon.

IT is at least debatable whether an elaborate biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe is precisely what this sad planet of ours needs just now; in any case Forrest Wilson's "Crusader in Crinoline" does the job up brown. I think Mr. Wilson rather inclined to accept the old-fashioned view that without "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the Civil War would have had a hard time getting itself fought. Furthermore, he has fallen in love with his subject, somewhat as Lytton Strachey did with Queen Victoria (the two old ladies have points of resemblance). Otherwise Mr. Wilson's book seems admirable, balanced, scholarly, and continuously interesting.

Its high point is, naturally, the story of Mrs. Stowe's unconscious preparation for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the almost trancelike circumstances of its composition, and the world-shaking character of its reception. Mr. Wilson tells this tale more fully than it has ever been told before. He does his best—a very good best—to explain the sudden phenomenon of the creation of the book by offering a careful analysis of its author's Calvinist background and a detailed account of her eighteen years of residence in Cincinnati, "the fiery contact-point of Freedom with Slavery." The miracle, however, is still unexplained, the miracle of a book that poured itself like a cataract out of the mind of a little Puritan lady who had never set foot in the South and whose only previous literary work consisted of an unimportant trickle of genteel sketches and short stories.

The value of Mr. Wilson's biography, however, lies in the fact that he has rescued Harriet Beecher Stowe from a groove. She was much more than "the first proletarian novelist," to use Mr. Wilson's phrase. She was a member of an extraordinary family, to which the author does full justice. She was a Victorian Dorothy Thompson, the first woman columnist in our history. She wrote well, if simply, about subjects far removed from Uncle Tom and Simon Legree. She became, after the disappearance of slavery, a kind of "peculiar institution" herself, engaged in all sorts of half-serious, half-ludicrous controversies, of which her defence of Lady Byron against Lord Byron is only the most famous.

At eighty-five she died, having long

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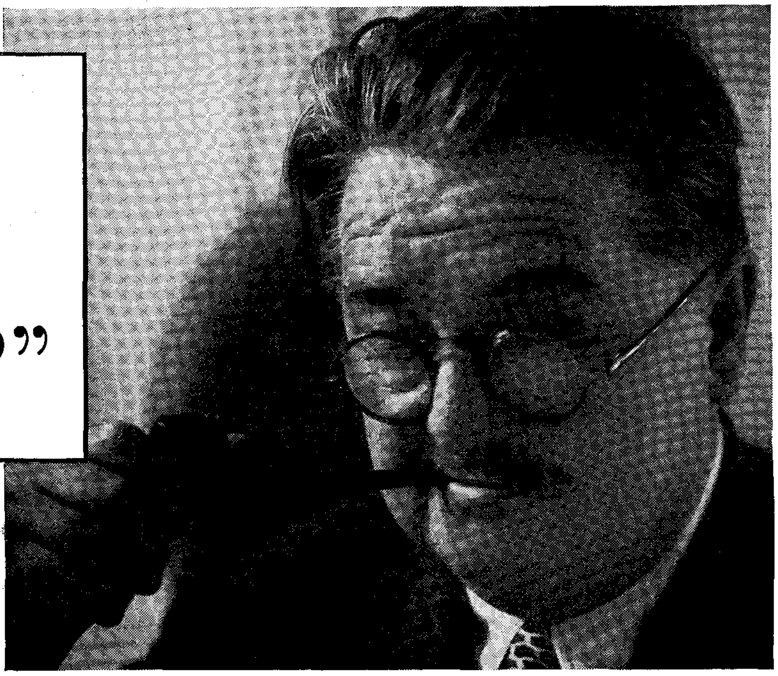

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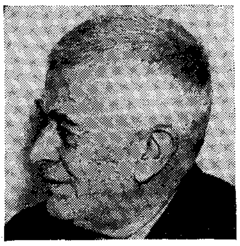

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outlived herself and her reputation. It was perhaps inevitable that almost fifty years should elapse before she could be sufficiently forgotten to make a full-length biography seem somehow piquant.

THE title of Hermann Rauschning's new book is "The Redemption of Democracy" and its subtitle "The Coming Atlantic Empire." Herr Rauschning discusses a great many matters, among which the redemption of democracy and the coming Atlantic Empire are only by courtesy included. There is a certain amount of gassy maundering about how the future of the world depends on Great Britain and the United States. There are a few disconnected comments on "corporative democracy" (whatever that is) and salvation by a revitalized Christian faith (details lacking), but the nub of the book is simply more of the same Rauschning, trying to scare the pants off people who have now got beyond terror. In other words, high theorizing (some of it brilliant) about the "revolution of nihilism" and "the termite state" and "the anarchy of the masses," but suspiciously little of what committee chairmen call constructive suggestions.

Here is Rauschning's general line. To him, "the whole world of yesterday, of today, this world of habit, is disappearing. We shall see it no more. It is farewell forever." The present crisis is not a war. Furthermore, it is not a revolution but only the beginning of a revolution, universal in scope and led by the great nihilist Adolf Hitler. This revolution, a result of "the anarchy of the masses" (Rauschning hates "the masses" even more than his former boss does), will produce an absolute world state unless Anglo-Saxondom itself becomes revolutionary and leads everybody in another direction—just which one is unclear to me, except that it must have a "spiritual" tendency. Rauschning admires the English very much and talks as if this admiration alone ought to suffice to save mankind.

The result of his dire warnings and his apocalyptic descriptions of Hitler's plans is bad, not good, propaganda. I hate to say this, for I am sure Rauschning, the former Nazi, is now a true anti-Hitlerite. Nevertheless, he himself appears to be infected by the Nazi world vision against whose insidious mesmeric quality he so frequently warns us. The net effect of his book is to portray the Nazis as an army of omnipotent devils, their adversaries as a band of bewildered, almost lost souls, and salvation as a vague hallucination.

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I think the Doctor said his say in "The Revolution of Nihilism," a genuinely educational book. Now he is endeavoring, like a good Teuton, to refine his theories, to spin new and more terrifying abstractions, to become "profound."

The muddy translation is doubtless a faithful reflection of the original.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PARDNERS, by John Weld. Mr. Weld rotates his crowded story of the California gold rush around the figures of an innocent young Yankee prospector and his friend, a tough, lean Southerner. A vigorous job, with plenty of local color and a Bret Harte atmosphere that sounds authentic.

MY UNCLE BENJAMIN, by Claude Tillier, translated by Marie Lorenz, with illustrations by Mahlon Blaine. First complete English edition of a nineteenth-century French classic, being the adventures of a personable bachelor, the "gayest, funniest, wittiest man in the country around," and, except for the town drummer, the least sober. A delightful, civilized, completely French book.

LIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN, by Gerald Warner Brace. A novel about a family of Vermont farmers. Not much plot (not enough, probably), too many anecdotal digressions, some very pretty weather (all seasons), rather too many vaporish ideas, and pages of the grandest, most believable, humorous, hard-bitten, shrewd Yankee talk you'll find anywhere.

THE ORDEAL OF THE FALCON, by Gösta Larsson. A Scandinavian sea story, told a good deal à la Conrad and complete with hurricane and bad-tempered captain nursing secret sorrow. However, the sea seems very real and full of salt water and the comradeship of the seamen is warm-hearted and credible. A good job.

GENERAL

UNION NOW WITH BRITAIN, by Clarence K. Streit. The author of "Union Now" argues that we must immediately form a provisional federal union with the members of the British Commonwealth. The union would offer the Axis powers a "just" peace and the privilege of joining the federation on equal terms. If they refused, says Mr. Streit, the United States would go to war. He believes this arrangement would be preferable to other

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proposals and that the federation should be developed into a permanent world union. The book also includes a question box, letters, a draft of a constitution, and a "Declaration of Inter-Dependence." Strong revivalist tone. Maps and diagrams.

THE KAW, by Floyd Benjamin Streeter. Explorers, wagon trains, the Free State fight, railroad-building, the cattle towns, Mennonites, sodbusters, Turkey-red wheat, the Populists, and other matters in a catchall history of the Kaw (or Kansas) River territory in northern Kansas. Good material, rather baldly written. Illustrated by Isabel Bate and Harold Black. In the Rivers of America Series.

GERMANY PREPARES FOR WAR, by Ewald Banse. Timely reissue of a book that has become a sinister classic of its kind, first published here in 1934. Written in 1932 by a Nazi who later became a professor of military science, it has so far forecast—if not directly influenced—Hitler's strategy. Discusses German mistakes in the first World War, military geography, and the unattractiveness of various nations, including our own, from the Nazi viewpoint. Better read it if you haven't already. Eleven maps.

AXIS AMERICA, by Robert Strausz-Hupé. What the German, Italian, and Japanese propagandists say about us and how they propose to influence us. The Germans are determined to give us "the leadership Americans so clearly need." The Italians pretend to be dismayed because we don't appreciate their way of life. Japan threatens war. Intelligent, up-to-date, full of quotations from Banse (see above), Gayda, Konoye, Rosenberg, and others. The author is an assistant editor of *Current History & Forum.*

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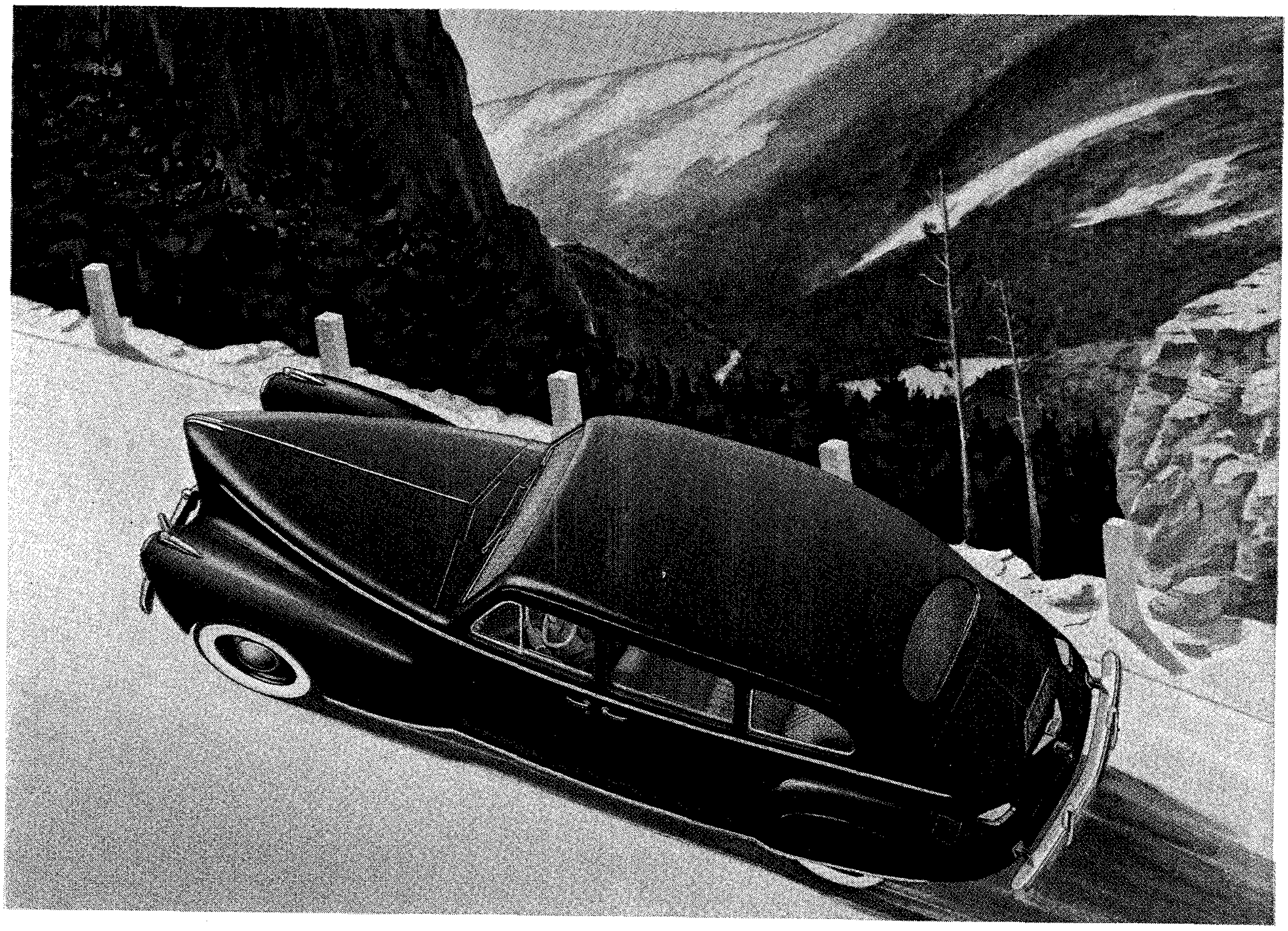

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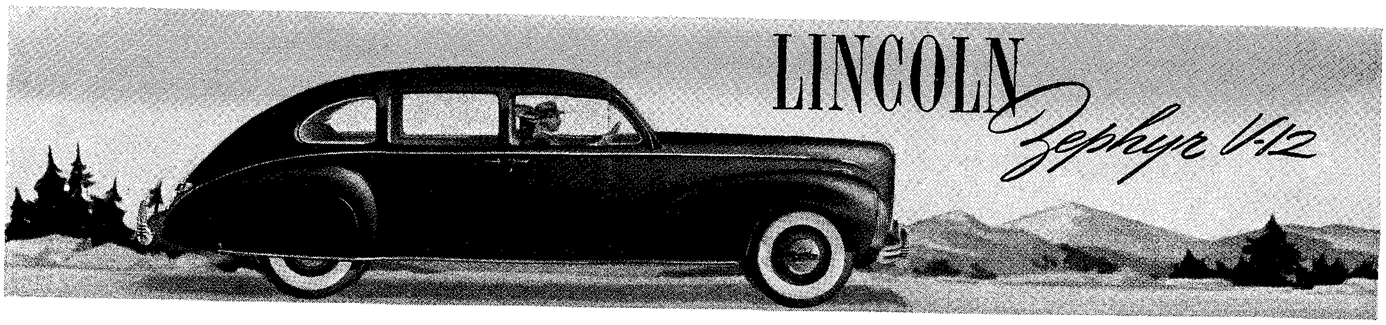

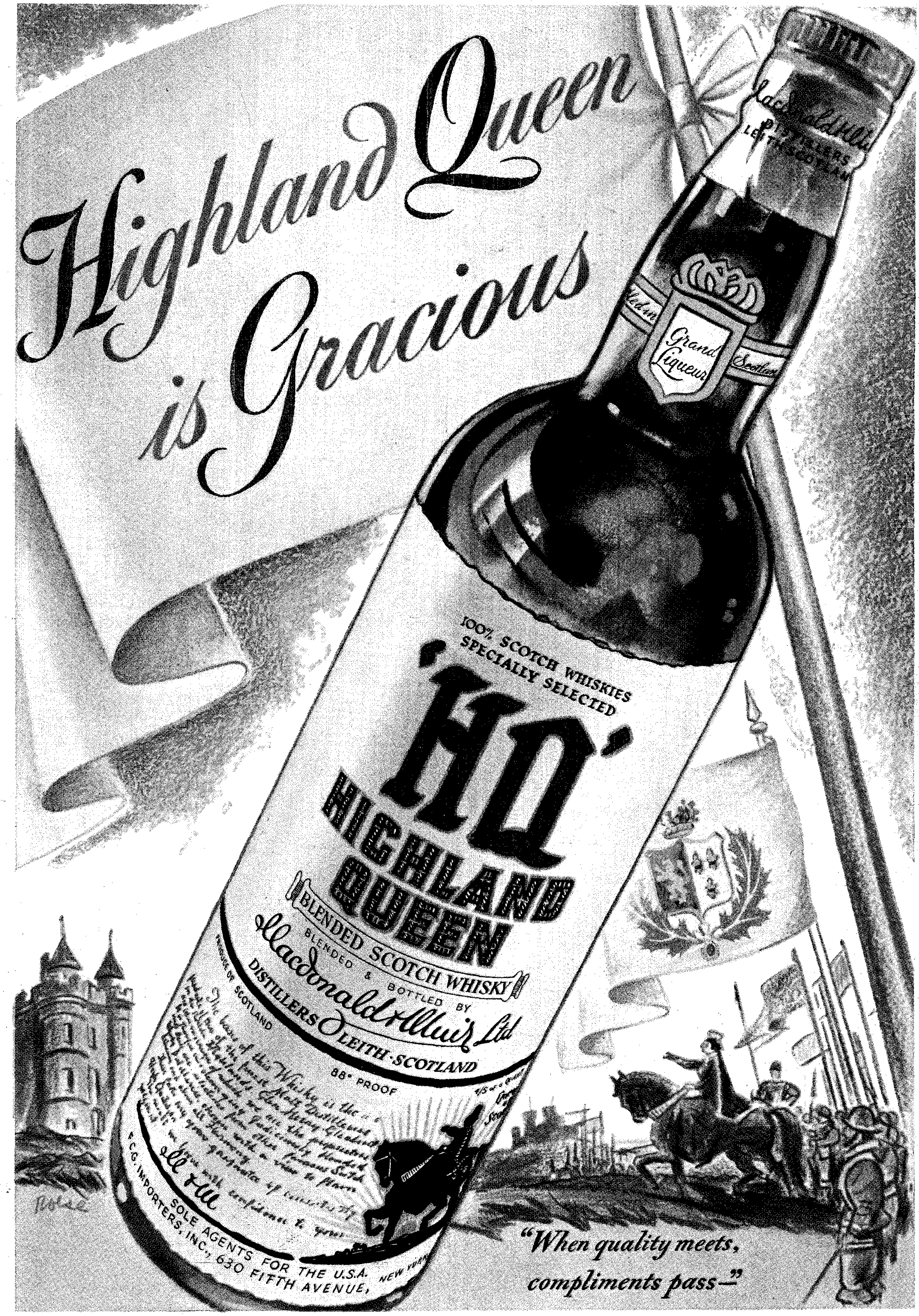
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